

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1845.

HARPER'S FERRY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS celebrated spot has been so frequently and elegantly described, that we are almost deterred from any attempt at another description. For the sake of our youthful readers, we remark, that it is in Jefferson county, Va.; that it is an interesting village of about nine hundred houses, containing, besides the necessary houses of public worship, an academy, and a large number of business establishments, immense flouring mills, a furnace, and a national armory. Two great public works pass near it, viz., the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad: the former on the north bank of the Potomac, and the latter through the village. An immense bridge, seven hundred and fifty feet between the abutments, connects the opposite banks of the Potomac at this point. The village is at the junction of the Shenandoah river with the Potomac, at the passage of the united stream through the Blue Ridge. The adjacent scenery is wildly romantic, and is thus beautifully described, in his Notes on Virginia, by President Jefferson, who honored his country as much by his science and wisdom as by his statesmanship and patriotic attachments.

"The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterward, that in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that continuing to rise they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its

summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, the evident marks of their disrapture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, but particularly on the Shenandoah, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre."

We feel the keen rebuke of the President; for although we passed the enchanting spot not long since, we did not linger among its charming scenes long enough to be impressed with their beauty and grandeur. As a friend of ours, who contends that all learning is destructive of religion, and who says that he had not gone to school three days before he began to go down hill, and resolve to quit the steep of knowledge for ever, so we, at Harper's Ferry, had scarce taken three steps up the "piles of rock" before, finding ourselves beginning to backslide, we resolved to abandon the ground. We are now left to mourn a loss which we may never be able to repair, and to feel the mortification of not being able adequately to describe our beautiful engraving.

Original.

## THE TRUE DIGNITY OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY, BY REV. J. K. BROWNSON.

THE youthful soul is generous. The passions are ardent; and the moral sentiments, as yet uncontaminated by contact with a selfish world, are truly ennobling. At this period the love of honorable distinction is exceedingly natural to the heart. It is one of those impulses that bespeak man's immortality, as though he feared the loss of it. It is this principle that chiefly prompts those aspirations after intellectual attainments so common among youth of both sexes. If ever feeling be truly ennobling, it is this in the bosom of youth. Surveying this beautiful scenery of earth, and the grandeur of that theatre on which we are to act the great drama of existence, the anxious inquiry arises, "How shall I attain the true dignity which Heaven has assigned me in the scale of being?" I need not say that it is of the utmost importance this inquiry should be answered; and this purest, noblest feeling of the youthful soul obtain a proper development. A preparatory inquiry, and which I propose to precede it, is,

1. *In what does the true dignity of the female character consist?*

1. *Shall we find it in what are called polite accomplishments?* The passion for these, in the present day, seems to us to be largely inflated. Perhaps we should rather say, the genuineness of that taste, in these, which now prevails is greatly to be questioned. We do not decry real politeness or genuine taste. This were treason both to civilization and religion. But we do deny that female accomplishments consist chiefly in gracefully touching the keys of the piano, chattering in foreign tongues, or familiarity with sickly and effeminate romance; and this especially, while yet destitute of the simple substantials of elementary knowledge. Let none suppose we intend any dishonor to the heavenly art of music. We love it too well for this. Yet while we can appreciate the skill and the charms of *instrumental performance*; we count this less valuable than *vocal powers of song*; and *disproportioned*, where unconnected with substantial mental discipline. If ladies were to live only in the drawing-room, as objects of curiosity or amusement, it might suffice to chat in French, make a variety of instrumental music, to smile and bow most sentimentally; and never learn that woman should possess a soul, and aspire after the dignity of an immortal being. But life, after all, is not a matter of *ideality*. The sterner duties of it measurably fall to the lot of all. Preparation for these hence becomes a matter of the highest importance. *Accomplishments*,

(in the modern acceptance of the term,) though eagerly and successfully pursued, leave but an *unaccomplished* character. The distinction they give is garish, but superficial and ephemeral. They leave the heart untouched and cold to all the real sympathies of life. Nay, often do they tend to dissipation and impiety. Let not those be called accomplishments which cannot prepare for the proper discharge of duty, and the maintenance of whatsover is lovely and amiable in woman's character.

2. *Shall we place it in the enjoyment of wealth?* True, this affords distinction. It elevates its possessor to the enjoyment of power—gives scope to the benevolent feelings of the heart, and the gratifications of worldly desire. Yet, be it remembered, that this *distinction* and *true dignity* are not to be confounded. Fortune is but a blind goddess, dispensing her favors often to the covetous, the ignoble, and the mean. Wealth falls to the lot of few, even among the worthy; while those who have most adorned and blessed society, have usually, in their beginning, struggled through poverty for their attainments. Examples of illustrious worth are not wanting here. Statesmen, philosophers, and poets, emerging from their hamlets, among rocks and sterile hills, are recorded often among the benefactors of our race; while the wealthy and luxurious have lived and died in their inanity, unblest, unknowing, and unknown. Look not, then, with envious eye on wealth. True dignity is not bound to the fickle car of earthly fortunes.

3. *What shall we say of position in society, and the patronage of friends?* These may bestow a momentary consequence even upon insignificance itself. Often they are found only to present more obtrusively imbecility of character. Worthless must be the gratification of that elevation in society which the character is unfitted to sustain, connected, as it must be, with the secret contempt of the wise and the discerning. These reliances comport, it may be, with aristocratical institutions, where rank predominates over real worth; but not with the genius of American dignity and republican feeling. Besides, this basis, like the shifting sands, is fluctuating and uncertain. Earthly friendships, though cheering and beautiful as the tints of a morning sky, are still, like them, ever fading and changing. No relative elevation can be trusted. "Boast not of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." In the history of the world's affairs, power and patronage are often exchanging places with humility and dependence. The truly virtuous and noble-minded will not hence rely upon a basis so fitful and precarious as the position they may chance to occupy in society, and the patronage of friends.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."



4. *Beauty, wit, and genius*, are bright and valuable gems, adding greatly to the charms of more substantial worth. Yet these, even, cannot compensate for its absence. They are often found *delusive* and *dangerous*, flattering their possessor into false notions of her personal consequence, only to feel the bitterness of disappointment, because more valuable attainments have thus been neglected. It is not for any early developments of wit or genius to compensate for neglect of patient and persevering improvement of the mind and heart. The plodding and toilsome often outstrip the self-complacent, and even the brilliant, in the highway to honor.

"And what is *beauty's* power?

It flourishes and dies.

Will the cold earth its silence break,

To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek

Beneath its surface lies?

Mute, mute is all: o'er *beauty's* fall

Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall."

Trust not, young ladies, then, in beauty, wit, or brilliancy; for true dignity is not in these.

5. *One of the besetting sins of the young of the present day, is an assumed independence.* So precocious is the youthful mind, that many, before they have parted with the green days of their girlishness, far surpass in wisdom their antiquated parentage. Guardianship, by common consent, (if not by civil law,) ceases much earlier *now* than in times of yore. Submission to authority is almost obsolete. Still, for the loss of this there is no recompense. No young lady is competent to act alone and unadvised. Happy may she count herself who is blessed with the guidance of judicious parents, even till the full strength of life shall be attained. I repeat the lesson. None are really independent. How much less woman, who is constitutionally formed for association! As well may the tender vine, which climbs the sturdy oak for its support, boast of its independency, or the blushing rose-bud, or the lily bending to its mother earth. The wisdom which Heaven teaches, "hears the *father's* counsels, and attends to the law of the *mother*;" while self-conceit leads on to presumption, and this to ruin. "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." One of the most essential habits for youth, is subjection to parental relations, that thus they may sustain with honor the varied subsequent relations of life. If the *wise* give ear, and attend, that *they* may become wiser, surely it is becoming the *young* and *inexperienced* to attend to instruction, and think humbly of themselves. So far, then, is *self-sufficiency* from being indicative of true dignity, that it is ominous of disaster.

6. *Once more, let us remark: the proper dignity of woman consists not in aspiring to direct the affairs of state, or to wield the reforms of the day.* Ambition

for this in the female sex is preposterous. Yet such ambition, we regret to say, in certain quarters, in the exuberance of our democracy, has been developed. Your quota of influence in promoting the great moral reforms of the day is indispensable, but not to *lead* and *guide* them. We would, by no means, intend any invidious comparison between the native endowments of the sexes. It is freely accorded that woman possesses intellect equal to, and every way worthy of man's companionship. Yet she is fitted to a different sphere of activity in the great drama of human life.

The native geniuses of mankind differ, while yet there obtains essential equality. The pursuits and responsibilities of life are numerous. There is wisely, thence, a distribution of each to each, according to this happy law of adaptation. If each contentedly pursue his own proper work, seeking to excel in it, and thus to benefit the common whole, the harmony will be sustained, and the issue will be happy. But if low jealousies arise against the order which Heaven has decreed, disquietude and misrule must necessarily result. Not only is there a want of *adaptation* to this, but expediency, propriety, duty, all forbid it.

*Politics*, it may be judged, are becoming a sorry matter, when *woman* is to be dragged into the arena, to add interest to trickery. And what position shall be given her in the degrading struggle? Shall she be a demagogue? This were *too much*. The mere feeble echo of a party? This were *too little*. Make her, then, a standard-bearer among the political legions, leading on the van, not to the rescue of liberty, or the conquest of a Troy, but to battle with a mighty windmill! Here see the female partisan! In a free and elective government like ours, party spirit is wont to rage with dangerous violence. Shall fuel be added to this already destructive flame, by calling in the sympathies of woman? Should the fair daughters of our land forsake the peaceful domestic circle, and the altar of their God, to mingle in the fearful storms of political excitement without? If so, we have not seen, as yet, the fullness of discord into which society is yet to be plunged. The domestic altar and the social circle, where the peaceful spirit of woman presides, is now our safety against the fretting leprosy of party politics. Here the angry waves of civil discord are calmed, and the perturbed bosom of man finds a resting place from its commotion. May it thus ever be!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him.

Original.

## LIFE ON THE OHIO.

BY THE EDITOR.

I THOUGHT, as I took my seat in the boat, now I can explore both the outer world and the inner—creation and her Lord. Around the stern sits a group of sedate gentry engaged in reading. One, who has a newspaper before him, looks like a shrewd, sagacious politician; but on his brow care and disappointment have left their traces. Another (a Dutchman) is reading aloud, as boys in some mismanaged Lancasterian schools do! In front of the fire is a ruddy, jolly, keen-eyed youth, reading *Telamaque*; and here is a pale, emaciated young man, who, seated in a retired corner, seems to have lost all consciousness of passing events, or surrounding scenes, in poring over a little volume which I ascertained to be "*Cicero de Oratore*." When he laid his book aside he seemed absorbed in melancholy contemplation, as if meditating an ode to consumption. A short time before and after meals, he paced, alone, the guards, or the hurricane-deck, and though generally gloomy, sometimes his eye kindled, and an arch smile played upon his countenance, which he strove, by drawing down his hat, and bending forward his head, to conceal. His restraint at table indicated dyspepsia, and his occasional cough was premonitory of pulmonary disease. I thought him proud and morose, but upon entering into communion with him found him quite communicative. He was a martyr to books: slowly and steadily he had traveled many paths of learning, and though now his health required that he should surcease, he knew not how. He readily assented to the declarations of friends relative to his danger, and in every paroxysm of pain, he *felt* that all their fears for him were grounded; yet when alone, in his study, thirsting for the refreshing streams of literature, a strange infatuation misled his solitary reasonings relative to his health, and he bent again over the lamp. His hands are cold, and if he do not soon rush from his present associations and pursuits into healthful employment, his heart and head ere long will be colder than his extremities are now. "Love is stronger than death." The student enamored of science rushes forward, though as certain to encounter death as the soldier marching to the cannon's mouth. If that youth go down to a premature grave, will he be guiltless? Under the influence of ill-regulated passion, he transgresses laws of nature and cuts short that life which God has bestowed for important purposes. We cannot decide, but leave him in the hands of the Almighty, who knows the influences which his own providence has brought to bear upon him, and

the delusions which encompass a student's mind. He trusts, we learn, in Christ, and sickened with this world, pants and prays for a purer one. Whether the love of God, and of Christ, in such measure as it *should* be enjoyed, would not rouse him to a life of more activity and usefulness, is a question we leave to him.

Let us take a walk to the other end of the cabin. Seated around the card-table is a group which, had I time, I should like to paint. They are now playing "to kill time;" but if we pass them about 7 o'clock this evening, we shall see each one with his tumbler and his purse at his elbow. In our boats are printed regulations, one of which forbids the occupancy of the cabin for any amusement after 10 o'clock, P. M., but rising one night at 2 o'clock in the morning, I found the table surrounded with gamblers, quarreling about the money, and as I passed out to the wash-room I was called up to settle the dispute. In this company there is one face that makes me shudder. I dare not ask his name. His features are too familiar, and yet I want to entertain a hope that I am mistaken. As I look upon his pale, but intelligent countenance, my mind rushes back to my earlier and better days—to the scenes of my youthful gambols—the school-house on the village green; the church where we held our moot-court and rude debate; the old haw tree, through whose branches, on the summer eve, the noisy prattle and loud laugh of joyous innocence rose up to heaven; the winding banks of the Kilbuck, on which, with our sisters, we gathered walnuts and crab-apples and plums; the spring, three miles in the woods, from which the "friend of my better days" brought clear, cold draughts, in the depths of winter, to cool my parched tongue when he thought I was dying; the sugar camp where we stole sweet kisses from rosy lips, which we hope no more to see until we look for them in the choirs of the upper sanctuary; and the old grave-yard, without a vault or a monument, where we read on plain head-stones the names of the loved ones that we buried and the simple "annals of the poor." I thought of that sweet woman, the companion of my mother, the jewel of the Church, the idol of the neighborhood—of her death-bed—of the last embrace of her darling boy, and the prayer of her breaking heart, when her eye had ceased to weep. I must pass hastily or betray my weakness. God can hear my prayer as I walk. Let me alone, here, upon the upper deck, where the fresh breeze may fan me—but up comes a student from Hanover, introduces himself as the son of a Methodist preacher, and joins me in walking. We enter into conversation about the election, the annexation of Texas, the ancient states, the Catholic question, and I feel relieved.



How beautiful is nature! It is delightful in the evening and morning to survey the banks of the Ohio, as you sail. There are many fine farms and improvements, but some barren spots also, which to my astonishment I found occupied. In some instances, I understood the owners were becoming rich by the manufacture of the "fire brick:" in others, every thing indicated indolence and its woful consequences. I have heard that man is a vegetable: had I been ashore I might have looked at the feet of these people to see if they had roots.

But let us take a glance at the deck passengers. Here is an aged Dutch woman traveling alone, but she has an arm able to protect herself, and evinces no small disposition to use it. And here is an elderly gentleman with Morse's school geography in his hand, muttering the names of the states; and there is a poor family which appears to be worthy a better fate. I dare not trust my imagination to depict their feelings. Hark! there is a fight among the deck passengers—let us start.

Stopping at port, we find opportunity to take a glance at the officers and crew. The captain is a very important character—too important to have much to say. If you want to ascertain who he is, you must inquire him out. The mate is the potentate below stairs and the clerk above.

Hark! Two negro boatmen are quarreling. What is the "ultima Thule" of their Billingsgate? "You lie like a steamboat captain." I know no object on which I can look with more pity than firemen and deck hands. Poor fellows! "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." The ox, and the ass, and the land, have their Sabbaths, but thou hast none. Every drop of that opiate dealt out to thee from day to day to alleviate thy burdens, serves only to increase thy sorrow and thy sin. All our hands, I see, are negroes except two—the one a Choctaw, the other a white boy. The former is a noble looking son of the forest, with piercing hazel eyes, long, coarse black hair, high cheek bones, well developed muscles, and erect form. I thought of the statue of the dying gladiator, as I marked, through his tattered garments, his broad ribs and ample chest. I observed him for several hours, handling freight: he was sly and sullen; not a word did he exchange with any one; the laugh, the murmur, the repartee, the reproach, made no alteration in his countenance. He has been driven from his hunting grounds, and the graves of his fathers, upon the sunny banks of the Yazoo. He has imbibed the vices, without the virtues of civilization:

"His heraldry—a broken bow,  
His history—a tale of wrongs and woe."

No wonder if his heart burn with indignation, save when the fire-waters drown his sensibilities. The

little boy, apparently twelve or fourteen years old, is a fine, manly fellow, with a keen eye and ample forehead, cheerful as a lark, and a universal favorite among the hands—he lifts as heavy a load as the stoutest negro, and works as if for life. I stepped up to him, when the following dialogue ensued: "What is your name?" "I. S." "Where does your father live?" "I have no father." "Where does your mother live?" "I have no mother." "What are you doing here?" "I am apprenticed to the mate to learn the trade of boating." A new idea, indeed. Unfortunate, said I to myself, can I not do something for you? What a school are you in! Without father, without mother, without Sabbath, without beginning of instruction or end of labors; in no company but that of the outcast Indian, or oppressed African, listening to the dialect of profaneness, and drinking thy daily rations, what will be thy fate?

But let us take a glance at the ladies' cabin. Among the many mirthful faces, is one pale and sad. She is a widow, and a bereaved mother, traveling, with the cold remains of all her family, from a land of strangers to her home. A few years since she was a joyous bride, with fair prospects for a long life of uninterrupted happiness. Her husband was once a merchant, and had a home—a home where he planted the evergreen, and taught the woodbine to climb the piazza and the vine to creep around the lattice of the arbor—a home where age found its solace, and youth its amusement; where poverty received charity, and wealth bestowed respect; where the ties of brother, sister, parent, uncle, were rendered stronger each successive day. The commercial revulsion, which swept the country as the simoom does the desert, prostrated his business, and blasted his prospects. Disease invaded his breast, and rapidly undermined his health. But the strange delusion which usually attends consumption, accompanied him—hope lingered in his heart, when despair would have been more suitable. He thought a change of residence would conduce to his restoration, whilst it would afford him more salutary and lucrative occupation. When I first entered his new abode, his countenance was cadaverous, and his form emaciated, yet hope still burned within him. His wife was pressing a babe to her bosom, but it was dying.

My next visit was to attend the only child to the house appointed for all the living. After some persuasion, I prevailed upon the dying man to allow me to invite a physician to his chamber, when all the resources of the healing art, under the administration of science and the suggestions of generous sympathy were brought to his aid, but they could do no more than soften the pangs of dissolving nature, and strew flowers around the pathway to the tomb.

One evening, as I stepped into his chamber, he told me that he was better, and desired me to accompany him home as soon as the weather became favorable; for, added he, "I want to die at home, and be buried among my kindred." The next evening I was called to see him expire. His last words were, "I die in peace; bury me in N."

My heart sickens with the ills of life—let me reflect. Is life, as I see it, a blessing or a curse?

First. There is more joy than sorrow; health than sickness; hope than despair. This is demonstrable. Misery results from disorder. Where there is more misery than joy, disorder prevails over order, and the tendency of things is to destruction. But the tendency of the world is to improvement. How many days has yonder Indian made the woods echo with expressions of pleasure and triumph in the gigantic pastimes of his wilderness. How oft has his spirit drank in joy at every sense on the mountain top, or in the coppice, or gliding down the stream in his light canoe. Who shall tell the many joys that have gladdened the heart of that widow in the bower or the field, the garden or the hearth, the home of innocence or the hall of mirth! Who knows what is in reversion for her. If there is an excess of happiness over misery, is not that equal to so much unmixed happiness. Let the former be represented by 10 and the latter by 5. Is not 10—5 equal to 5.

Second. A thousand streams of joy may visit the heart which the eye of an observer cannot see. That poor African is no stranger to the purest, deepest joys, that the human heart can know: the thought of the loved ones for whom he labors, in that rude cabin on the bank, may sweeten all his toils, and weave his dreams with flowers.

Third. Trials are useful: they develop our powers. That orphan lifting the bar of iron to his bleeding arm is acquiring a capacity of endurance, a grappling energy, a knowledge of human nature, a scorn for poverty, and an undying ambition to rise above his lot, that may one day lift a crown to his head. That deformed girl may yet have reason to be grateful for her deformity. Byron might never have soared into the loftiest regions of poetry, had he not been ridiculed for the malconformation of his foot. Lord Bacon remarks, "Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn." Trials bring the sinner to reflection. Look at those poor gamblers: the prayer of the dying mother was not vain: reason may be roused, conscience awakened, the Holy Spirit sent back: a thousand arrangements of divine Providence may be necessary, and in train, to bring the prodigal home. He may pass through deep waters, but every wave that rolls over him may be sent in mercy. Trials are neces-

sary to the Christian. The world lights up its bowers and sings its syren song, and spreads its bed of poppies, and bids us sleep. The rod which rouses us, when to slumber would be death, is sent in love. Hence, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Trials are necessary to the cultivation of Christian graces—such as mercy, charity. O what a field is the world! How rich will be its harvest! He who sails our rivers and lakes, will learn to sow the Gospel beside "all waters." Trials wean us from the world, draw us aside to commune with God, and direct our eyes to heaven. Welcome trial—thrice welcome. "These light afflictions, which are but for a season, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen."

#### FEMALE TRAINING.\*

BY MRS. DUMONT.

THE light which the experience of ages has flung upon the subject of education as applied to boys, has led to something like a standard system in liberal instruction; yet, after all, new questions of educational expediency are frequently mooted, and new opinions and theories promulgated. Is it matter of surprise, then, that our views relative to female education are, as yet, vague and unsettled? The day of woman's proscriptive seclusion from the advantages of intellectual culture has but recently gone by, and our theories have yet to be mellowed by time into practice, and to receive the test of that practice in broad and general results. Despite the strong radiance that has been poured upon our world of thought, the prejudice existing against female erudition—I should rather say against a learned female—no longer an *opinion* indeed, but a *feeling*, is yet floating among us. This, at the present day, may be a startling assertion, and the attempt to overrule such sentiment may be deemed like lifting the feet to step over a shadow. Yet it is nevertheless true. Though female literary institutions are springing up on every hand, and female culture affords the topic of many an eloquent page, and many an item of literary intelligence, still the prejudice exists. What though it is unavowed—that it forms no part of our theories—that it has been nominally repudiated!—still it bears upon our practice. It may be traced in multiform influences and effects: the whole spirit of society is infused with it. It is

\* An Essay read before the College of Teachers, by a member, at the October session, 1844.



evinced by the tone of our periodical literature, that reflector of the spirit of the times; by the slow advancement of female intellect, so little commensurate with its acknowledged capabilities, and with the efforts that are being made in its behalf; by the tendencies of parental economy and of our social forms. How few parents feel the same degree of solicitude for their daughters to be deeply learned that they cherish for their sons. They would have them well educated; but what does that most indefinite term, as applied to their daughters, embrace in their estimate? The strong grasp, the wide range, the ready command of knowledge, that constitute among males the profound and ripe scholar? Far from it. The attainments to which parental aspirations more instinctively turn for the fair novice, are those that make up a creature for the fancy—a being for the poetic eye and for the heart of sentiment. It is the “*embellishment*” of mind they ask—the intellectual ornament—the glittering bijou, not the ponderous and enduring gold. Would they be content with this for their sons?

In what does this comparative indifference originate, but the prevalence of the sentiment no longer acknowledged, that learning is a foe to the graces; that it renders woman pedantic, assuming, unlovely? that in fine it destroys the delicate gloss of her character, like that of the vagrant butterfly, rubbed off by the hand that would fetter it. It is vain to say that such is only the prejudice of ignorant and illiberal minds. Strange as it may seem, it may be traced to those of refined and cultivated intellect. “Any thing,” said a gentleman of no ordinary cultivation, in our hearing, a short time since, “any thing but mathematics for a lady! Let her climb all the green eminences intended for a gentle foot, but in the name of all that is womanly, *excuse* her from problems and parallelograms.” It was an individual expression, but the sentiment is cherished by thousands. As we have remarked, it does not often array itself in expression. It has neither form nor voice, yet it is felt in every nameless and shapeless manifestation that can dampen ardor, and discourage effort. How is it to be met? Would it take to itself a “*local habitation* and a form,” reason would be swift to the combat. But it is difficult tilting with impalpable and unresisting existences. The polished sword of Saladin alone could sever the cushion of down that was presented as the test of its edge. Yet would we find some means of exorcising the shadowy evil, for, like the miasmatic vapor, its influence is disease. It neutralizes, to a great extent, our most efficient efforts in the cause of female improvement. The professor in his lecture-room; the declaimer in the halls of eloquence; the watchman on the walls of Zion, may lift up their voices to advocate

its claims, and the world says “aye, aye,” and hurries on in the eager strife of more stirring and absorbing interests. It is in vain that institutions are multiplying; that systems of enlarged courses of instruction are formally embraced; that zeal, industry, talent, are all enlisted in their appliance. Partial success only will crown such effort, so long as the tone, the impulse, the momentum of public feeling is wanting.

The steep of science are not so easily surmounted that the school-girl will toil far toward its summit without the impulse and guerdon of popular sentiment; and the temple is in vain erected, if the heart of the seeming worshiper is elsewhere. So long as the adverse feeling in question exists, so long will fashion and amusement remain the presiding deities of the female world; so long will the despotic laws of the former take precedence in her estimate of intellectual interests, and her precious time, her moral duties, her very affections continue to be offered up on its festooned and garlanded altars. We feel that the subject is worn; that our remarks are passing trite, and will be to *many* but as the sound of the habitual croaker. Elaborate essays and discussions from our ablest pens have left nothing *new* to be said upon a subject whose bearings are so obvious; but there are truths which, from being long veiled in error, even after their adoption by the understanding, are reconciled to the mind only by familiar and frequent investigation.

Happy are we that truth upon this subject has made for itself a lodgment in our better judgment; that the *principle* of a better practice is among us. The sentiment we so deprecate, is but the lingering mist of a long night of degradation and error. It is perhaps but a modification of the views that had their origin in the *philosophy of the epicurean garden*, ere yet the heritage of immortality was revealed. But that night has passed. Far and wide the morning has broken, and woman is now recognized in her solemn character of deathless accountability. Gradually, we trust, our views, our systems, our *feelings*, will all bear upon that one vast and exceedingly momentous relation.

In the education of boys, the higher branches of knowledge are considered not in reference solely to their applicability to the professional purposes of life, but in the belief that in the process of their acquisition a strong disciplinary influence is exerted over the whole moral and mental constitution. The object is not merely to store the mind with the treasures of literature, the wealth of science, but to give it that tone and direction, that energy and stability of purpose and strength of reason which shall render those stores available in their fullest moral and intellectual application. It were certainly an idle query to ask if girls were

less in need than boys of this disciplinary influence. However distinct the conformation of woman's character, we cannot but acknowledge her a sharer with man in the melancholy heritage of humanity; an equal heir with him of the same fallen and desecrated nature. Poetry, indeed, has been wont to invest her with a strange halo of moral beauty; to ascribe to her a being made up exclusively of gentle affections, soft ministries, and unselfish devotion. We might smile at such hallucinations, did not the importance of our subject incline us to be serious. But, surely, these poetic delusions cannot be suffered to bear upon our views of her practical instruction—that mighty influence which must involve to her the far interests of eternity. Assuredly upon this matter no visionary impression, no vague dreams, no veiled and colored images should enter our councils. In our efforts for her good, woman must be considered not merely “a fair and fragile thing, as but for sunshine wrought;” she must be contemplated not with the eye of the poet, nor with reference only to the spring time of her life, when we ask but flowers; but in her ripe summer and sober autumn, when we look for fruit, and with the prospective gaze of the philosopher and the Christian. She cannot become a full sharer in educational benefits till its schemes are adapted to her wants; and these are without question, morally and intellectually, the same as man's. She is equally with him a frail and erring mortal, and in need, if not equally, yet greatly in need of the same corrective and controlling influences. True, we fear not for her the dark turpitude of character which blots his individual annals. Within the narrow circle of her prescribed sphere, her moral aberrations can seldom trench upon the gloomy precincts of actual crime, and are, therefore, but little marked. They are not sought out *to point a moral, or to darken a tale*; yet does she as frequently fall short of her high accountabilities, and the peculiar exactions of her place and character. If exempt from the stormy and fearful strength of passion to which he is subject, who shall say she is free from the many infirmities of temper and temperament which are the bane of domestic happiness? Even from the quick nerve and finely wrought fibre of her nature, is the serenity of the former but too frequently disturbed; while the annoying excitability of the latter, leads out to a train of selfish exactings and undue commitments. In all her woman's attributes there is a tendency to excess, that without the discipline of early and habitual restraint and guidance, not unfrequently sweeps from around her all the delicate blossoms of domestic love and happiness. Her affections, her sensibilities, her very tastes, become passions; her buoyancy and playfulness of spirit, levity; her emulation, envy and jealous rivalry;

her earnestness of character, self-will. We may not follow out the many tendencies of her nature, which, guided on to their proper issues, give beauty, and life, and interest to her character, but which, if permitted to run into an unhealthy exuberance, are eventually subversive of all. This perversion of her moral capabilities is not often developed in her life's green spring; the glory of her morning freshness invests her with a charm so like that of innocence, that we are beguiled of our discernment. But who that has bought wisdom with the experience of years, cannot call to mind the fair girl whom he deemed a being of purity and gentleness, transformed by time into the frivolous, the vain, the ostentatious, perhaps the envious, the malignant, the imperious woman? The picture is an unpleasant one, yet should we look at it steadily. Our inquiry then will be instinctive—shall the education of woman contemplate no influences corrective of such results? Shall its effects upon her character be like a reflected light thrown over a landscape, calling out its atmospheric hues and touching it into a brief splendor? or the warmth whose steady influence gives strength and vitality to the germ upon which it is poured?

It has been shown by one whose views upon female training seem to have embraced the whole range of her moral and mental interests, that the instruction of girls, as it is now conducted, involves a system of perpetual compromise; that in those schools where there is no distinction of studies from those of our male institutes, the pupils are yet *favoured* (what a perversion of the term) with privileges and exemptions which boys dream not of claiming. Yet this is not the fault of the teacher, but of the times. It grows out of our social forms, our conventional laws, and though certainly remediable, will, like all innovations upon prescriptive canons, require some time and much moral firmness ere entire reform can be effected. But it is time that it should be commenced, and the reform called for is a radical one. It must begin where the ground of all educational interests must be laid, in the parental rule. Let the discipline of home be as rigid with the daughter as with the son. Let the same tone be given to her literary aspirings. Let her be equally debarred the pernicious and distracting indulgences of dress and company. Let her be taught to expect the same exactions at school to which her brothers are subject. Why should it be otherwise? Is it a necessary result of her greater delicacy of frame, that her delinquencies should be winked at and her time go to waste? It is not so. There is no indication of such distinctive requirement in the economy of Providence. Such is not the order of Divine arrangement with regard to her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



Original.

## THE WRONGS OF THE CHEROKEES.

The following was composed by Miss A. A. Ross, of the Cherokee nation, in the 17th year of her age, in the year 1840, and read at an examination of the school in which she was then a pupil, in the state of New Jersey.

J. C. BERRYMAN.

For a public occasion like this, it might be supposed that motives of delicacy would suggest a different theme. It is not my intention, however, to expose private griefs—the trials and disappointments of an isolated family, driven from a happy home and cultivated country to distant and desolate regions, which no light of civilization illumines and no association endears. The wilds of Arkansas are now indeed strewn with the graves of Cherokees; but they are all newly made. Private considerations are lost in the absorbing feeling of pity for the injuries of a persecuted race, whom I am proud to call *my* people; for I glory in the name Cherokee.

During my residence in this part of your happy country, my feelings have often been pained by the indifference manifested in our misfortunes, and by the aspersions sometimes cast upon us as a nation. Many are ignorant of us; perhaps there may be some, even here, who are unacquainted with our wrongs. If so, I am happy that even I, perhaps the least worthy of the daughters of my nation, may be allowed to raise my voice in her defense. I ask your kind forbearance, if I cannot claim your interest, while I give a brief statement of our wrongs.

The Cherokees have ever been distinguished among the aborigines of this country. They have a tradition that their ancestors were more noble and distinguished than those of other tribes. They belonged to the Allegewi nation, who are supposed to have constructed the ancient works found in Ohio, other parts of the valley of the Mississippi, and Mexico. The Cherokees differ from most other Indian tribes in their readiness to exchange the savage for civilized life. At the commencement of the settlement of North America by Europeans, their territory comprised a tract of twenty-four thousand square miles, and was situated at the head waters of the Savannah, Chatahoochee, and Alabama rivers. Cherokees have ever been distinguished for friendly feelings toward the United States, and for confidence in the government. They parted with their lands to their white brethren for the most trifling considerations. When missionaries came from the United States, they gladly received them, and listened to their message with devout attention. They established schools, and built and consecrated houses for the worship of God. But some of the neighboring whites began to complain to the United

States government of the vicinity of the Indians, and petition for their removal. The injustice of driving a peaceable and inoffensive people from their own territory was too apparent not to require some pretext; and in 1835 a pretended treaty, made by certain individuals of the Cherokee nation, and known to be bitterly opposed by the Grand Council of the people, was ratified by Congress and sanctioned by the President. Two years were allowed for the removal of the Cherokees west of the Mississippi, to a barren and wild region of the Arkansas. The government agreed to pay something for the Cherokees' country, give them this new territory, and bear the expenses of the emigration. But the Cherokees wished not to sell their native homes and the burial places of their fathers, and to plunge back into the barbarism from which they had emerged. They did not believe that attempts would be made to drive them away; and at the expiration of the time allowed them to prepare for their departure, they were, as usual, engaged in their husbandry, their merchandise, and manufactures. The troops of the United States found them thus occupied, and ordered them to depart. In many cases mothers were separated from their infants, and husbands from their wives. They were compelled to encamp upon the bare ground, with no other shelter to protect them from the excessive heat of the weather, than a light tent of cotton manufacture. The fields which they had cultivated, had produced plentiful crops; but their products, like all they once owned, were left a prey to those who had taken possession of their land. Although thus compelled to emigrate contrary to their own wishes, and to give up their all, not a murmur escaped their lips: they had resigned themselves to the hardships of their lot. Still they had the name of a "hostile nation." They were called *savage foes*, who must be expelled from the country. A friend who was with them previous to their departure for the west, thus describes an evening scene in view of their encampment:

"Last evening, as I sat watching their camp lights glimmering through the forest over the hills around, the stillness of the night was broken by the voice of a native preacher of the Gospel. Then these poor 'savages,' as they are styled, joined in the song of praise to God, and united in the prayer that went up to the throne of grace. But ere the light of morning had again dawned upon their misery, another and another of these ill-fated victims to avarice had passed from time to eternity."

No one but those who accompanied them can have a just conception of their sufferings, during their journey to the far-off region where they now wander unsheltered. The inclemency of the weather, and a prevailing epidemic, caused them to be much longer on the road than had been expected.

Scarcely a day or night passed without the occurrence of one or more deaths.

After two long and dreary months, they reached the country which had been allotted them. But the promised pay for their lands and effects was withheld, and they were poor and destitute. Fatigued with their journey through deserts and wilds, and worn out with sickness and grief, they found no home to receive them from the storms of winter. The United States government expected them to build their own houses without materials or conveniences of any kind. *Still* they have confidence in the United States, and expect to be repaid for the property wrested from them. The numerous false reports which have been circulated in this country, in relation to the unhappy murder of the principal men of the party who were in favor of the treaty of 1835, have prejudiced the minds of many against the Cherokees. It was a law of our nation that if any should agree to sell their country, it should be accounted a crime worthy of death. The men who were the first to propose this law were the first to break it; and I am sorry to say the exasperated people summarily inflicted punishment. This event has caused much excitement among our people; for, although the law demanded death, the matter should have been referred to the government of the nation.

It was not, perhaps, generally known in the United States to what extent the arts of civilization had been introduced among the Cherokees, or surely they would not thus have been hunted down like wild beasts. Our people were fast improving in the customs of their neighbors. We, too, had our churches and school-houses, though not so elegant as yours, yet they were for the same purpose, and looked upon by our people with a kind of sacred awe. The Cherokees had their printing press and their public journal. They had thrown aside the rude and uncivilized life for one more refined. The men no longer thought of devoting their whole time to hunting and fishing, as of old; but had begun to take delight in improving their land. They had learned the use of the plough and other agricultural implements. The women were taught to attend to domestic duties: to knit and sew, and to weave the yarn which themselves had spun. Many a farm was seen where every thing about the house was neat and comfortable, and with a lovely little garden and court-yard, ornamented with shrubbery. A Cherokee wife and mother might here be seen. Domestic ties were as dear and sacred as they are with you. Alas, how changed the scene! Where are the cheerful homes, the smiling children, the happy mother, and the industrious and respectable father? Happiness is gone from them, and they are now a dejected and broken-hearted people.

Would that this were a tale of fancy—a dream of the imagination; but, alas! it is too true. I am often asked if willing to take up my lot with these persecuted and humiliated people—if I can consent to forego the refinement of society for the rude state of the Cherokees. Yes, my heart is with them. A few months more and I shall be with my nation. But O how changed will every thing appear since I left them five years ago in the pleasant valley of the Hiwassee! No more shall I hear the sound of happy voices echo through the woods and lawns as in former days, or see the tasteful and ornamented spot which was my childhood's home. But happy still may I be, if, in far distant lands, I may once more see the sun of prosperity dawn on my nation—if I may be privileged to impart to some the education which I have here acquired—above all, if I may become fitted to be an example, to my less favored sisters, of an educated, humble, and useful Christian female.

—•••••

Original.

### THE FUTURE LIFE.

—  
BY MRS. DUMONT.

YE faded threads among this still dark hair,  
Noting with spectral trace time's mocking speed,  
How deftly weave ye, with your pale hues there,  
A *writing* for the conscious soul to read!

And let me read: what say those paly lines,  
Gleaming through locks with woman's pride once bound?

For me the wreaths life's golden summer twines,  
Brilliant as brief, shall never more be wound.

The rich warm prime, when with soft colored hues  
The buds of hope—not here, perhaps, to bloom—  
Yet, even through tears, like violets bathed in dews,  
Still yield to life a beauty and perfume.

The hours when still, though blent with many a thorn,  
Beneath the feet blossom and verdure spring,  
To me are fled! They may no more return,  
Nor time again one leaf of freshness bring.

But ever shall my future day grow wan,  
And from life's shore the greenness fade away,  
Till the dull wave, that bears me darkling on,  
Reflect no image but of pale decay.

Decay, whose gathering mildews o'er me spread,  
Shall dim each sense that drinks the summer beams—  
The glorious odors life's full censers shed—  
The music tones that thrill its earlier dreams.

Well, let me meet the thought—it hath no power  
To daunt the soul that knows its heavenly birth:



Pass, pass away! brief splendors of life's hour—  
The sights—the sounds—the gorgeous hues of  
earth.

All sights, all sounds, all thoughts, and dreams of  
time,

Of a pure joy that wake the passing thrill,  
Are yet but tokens of that "better" clime  
Where life no more conflicts with change or chill.

The flush, the odor of the summer rose,  
The breath of spring, the morning's robe of light,  
The whole broad beauty o'er the earth that glows,  
Are of the land that knows no touch of blight.

The melodies that fill the purple skies,  
The tones of love that thrill life's wide domain,  
Are all but notes of the deep harmonies  
Poured round the Eternal, in triumphant strain.

And I, while through this fading form of dust  
There burns the deathless spark, derived from  
Him,  
May look on change with calm though solemn  
trust,

Bearing a life its shadows may not dim.

O, blest assurance of exulting faith!  
Humble and yet victorious in its might,  
Through the dark mysteries of decay and death  
Sustaining on—a pillar still of light.

*The life immortal!* of a peace intense—  
Holy, unchanging, save to brighter day:  
How fails the mind in upward flight immense,  
When to conceive it human thoughts essay!

How fade the glories of our fairest spheres,  
As faith's fixed eye pursues that heavenward  
flight!

The hopes and joys, the pain, the passionate tears,  
How shadowy all—phantasmas of the night!

What I am now, and what I once have been,  
E'en when each pulse with health's full bound  
was rife,

Melt as a dream—a strange and struggling scene—  
A dim and fitful consciousness of life.

Pass, pass away! things of a fondness vain,  
Fade on! frail vestments meant but for decay:  
I wait the robes corruption may not stain—  
The bloom, the freshness of immortal day.



#### HEAVEN.

THERE is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here,  
Translated to that happier sphere.

Original.

#### BRITISH POETS.

MILTON.

Poet of other times! to thee I bow  
With lowliest reverence. Oft thou tak'st my soul,  
And waft'st it by thy potent harmony  
To that empyreal mansion, where thine ear  
Caught the soft warblings of a seraph's harp,  
What time the nightly visitant unlock'd  
The gates of heaven, and to thy mental sight  
Display'd celestial scenes.

ROBERTS.

THE life of Milton has been so often and so variously written, with the minutest inquiries into his character and habits of living, as to need no account in this place. But it is interesting at all times to watch the operation of men's minds through all periods of their lives, from the dawn of their existence, from the first bursting of the bud to the decay of the full-blown flower. If all excite interest in the development, certainly Milton's in a far higher degree. Even in his youthful days his mind loved to soar,

"Far beyond this visible diurnal sphere,"

as it is beautifully expressed by a distinguished author, to tread the golden streets of paradise, and seemingly to bathe his soul in those rivers of pleasure. When a youth at the university, Milton could be often found in his room, sitting thoughtfully at his window, long after all his fellow-students had retired to rest; as he loved in the calmness of the midnight hour to watch the heavenly bodies pursue their noiseless course, as they had done for ages before, and would for ages after. It is natural to suppose that his compositions would largely partake of the exalted feelings of their author. That such is the case all who have read his poems know. At once we are ushered into the presence of the Deity, into the dazzling glory of heaven. Before us is the "great white throne, and Him that sits thereon," all gentleness and love. No cloud darkens the scene, no frown disturbs the repose. But in a moment, and how changed! the wild clash of arms, the din of war, is heard on the celestial plains, and the hot thunderbolts of Jehovah's wrath are widely scattered. But these, too, pass away, and we are wandering through the delightful vales, by the cool crystal streams of paradise, refreshing ourselves with more than the delight of the fabled elysium; every bird and beast minister to our pleasure and comfort; we hear the sweet warblings of the birds, the soft cooing of the dove; wandering, it is forgotten that we are still in a world of wickedness, with all its attendant woes, till the picture is so suddenly and abruptly changed, that the madness and folly of humanity burst upon us in a double light.

This is but a faint, inadequate description of the various scenes continually recurring in his works. They must be seen and felt. Greece may proudly point to her Homer, and Italy boast of her Virgil,

but England will long remember her Christian Milton.

BUTLER.

The distinguished author of *Hudibras* was born in 1612, in Worcestershire. It has been affirmed by some that he entered Cambridge University, where he remained till, forced by the want of money, he offered himself as clerk to a justice of the peace. Some years afterward he was admitted to the family of an officer in Cromwell's army, at which time he commenced the poem *Hudibras*; the first three cantos of which appeared in 1663. After the return of the king, it was supposed that Butler would be raised to some high post of honor as the due reward for his loyalty; but instead he was simply appointed secretary to Earl Carbury, president of the principality of Wales. The second part of his poem was published one year after the first; the third fourteen years after the second, which was the last, although leaving the poem imperfect. Finding himself unrewarded by the king or any of his favorers, he determined to turn his attention to some other employment. He died in 1680, and was buried in Covent Garden.

*Hudibras* is one of the most remarkable works of that age. The hero of this poem is a Presbyterian justice, who ranges the country in company with an obstinate, disputatious clerk, in his blind religious zeal to put down all superstition and heresy, while he himself possesses both, and ignorance too. There is a native excellence of style about this poem, debased, at least, by mean, if not to say, vulgar language, and a gross familiarity. His measure is suitable to characters displayed, being sprightly and not burdened with difficult, heavy sentences. He despised ornament in any form whatever, and as Chalmers remarks, it will be only said, *Pauper videri cinna vult, et est pauper*.

EARL OF ROCHESTER,

Better known in Clarendon's History under the name, Lord Wilmot, was born in Oxfordshire, 1647. After pursuing a grammatical course he entered Wadham College, and was made Master of Arts, by Clarendon in person, at the early age of fourteen. He traveled into France and Italy; and shortly after his return accepted a proposal to accompany Sandwich in his expedition against Bergen. Sir Edward Spragge wishing to send a message to one of the captains during the heat of the action, could find no one who would undertake it but Rochester, who went and returned in an open skiff, amid a shower of balls. This distinguished act of bravery, raised him in the estimation of every one.

His early inclination to intemperance he seemed entirely to have overcome in his travels; but when he mingled with the gay courtiers of those days, his old habits returned with a two-fold power; and

abandoning all religious restraint he screened himself under the cloak of infidelity. He was characterized by a noisy, gross licentiousness, even among his companions. In his hours of sobriety, he displayed a brilliant intellect wasting under neglect and drunkenness. At the age of thirty-one, when his constitution was ruined by a life of pleasure, he became acquainted with Mr. Burnet, to whom he laid open his mind with great freedom. From this good man he received such admonition and advice, as, by the aid of Divine grace, produced in him an entire and radical change. Four years afterward he died an humble, devoted Christian; trusting entirely for salvation in a crucified Savior. An account of his sickness and death, will be found in an elegant work entitled, "Some Passages of the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester."

Of his productions one example will suffice:

"All my past life is mine no more,  
The flying hours are gone:  
Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store  
By memory alone.  
The time that is to come is not;  
How can it then be mine?  
The present moment's all my lot;  
And that, as fast as it is got,  
Phillis, is only thine.  
Then talk not of inconstancy,  
False hearts and broken vows;  
If I, by miracle can be,  
This live-long minute true to thee,  
'Tis all that heaven allows."

DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

Was the son of the third Earl of Roscommon, who had been converted to the Protestant faith through the labors of Usher. When the Popish rebellion broke out in Ireland, Strafford, the young Earl's godfather, thinking the family unsafe on account of the rebels, sent for him to his own seat at Yorkshire, where he instructed him in Latin, so that at the age of nine he could write it with great purity.

When the storm broke out upon Strafford, he could no longer guard young Dillon, and by the advice of Usher he was sent to the university at Caen in Normandy. After remaining there some years, his father being killed in the rebellion, and the disturbed state of affairs in both Ireland and England offering little inducement to those who were absent to return, he traveled into Italy, amusing himself with searching out the antiquities, of which he was very fond. On the restoration, he returned to England, where, mingling with some dissolute courtiers, he learned all their extravagancies.

Hearing of some difficulty, about this time, concerning the settlement of his estate in Ireland, he went there, when he was appointed, by the Duke of Ormond, captain of the guards. Upon his return to England, several years after, he was made master of the horse to the Duchess of York, and married



lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Burlington. He now devoted his time to literary pursuits, having previously undergone a complete change as it regards his moral and Christian character. He formed the plan of founding an academy to refine the English language, after the plan of the French and Italians. But owing to the turbulence of King James' reign, and foreseeing the troubles that were about to follow, he determined to return to Rome, as he said it "was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked." His departure was delayed by a sudden attack of illness; and being impatient he resorted to some medical empyrics, under whose hands he died. The moment before he died, with a clear, full voice, and fervent devotion, he uttered these words:

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,  
Do not forsake me in my end."

His remains were deposited with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

As it regards his poetical productions, the following extract from a distinguished author will show: "In his writings we view the image of a mind which was naturally serious and solid; richly furnished and adorned with all the ornaments of learning, unaffectedly disposed in the most elegant and regular order. His imagination might have probably been more fruitful and sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe. But this severity, delivered in a masculine, clear, succinct style, contributed to make him so eminent in the didactic manner, that no man, with justice, can affirm he was ever equaled by any of our nation, without confessing at the same time, that he was inferior to none."

D.

—•••••

Original.

## ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

LIGHTS of the upper sky! whose rays  
Fall on our earth with chasten'd light,  
Your forms to fancy's eye appear  
Like jewels on the brow of night,  
When her dark mantle is unfurl'd  
In grandeur o'er a sleeping world.

Gems of the bright expanse on high,  
Whose azure vault seems all your own,  
Do you, your silent vigils keep  
Near the Creator's wondrous throne?  
Whence ye can look to earth's dark clod  
And light the dwelling place of God.

Earth once has heard your thrilling songs,  
When, from your dwellings in the skies,  
At her uprising ye began  
Your lofty swelling harmonies;  
Her natal song ye sweetly sung,  
When this fair earth from chaos sprung.

The old Chaldean gaz'd with awe  
Upon your bright and sparkling spheres,  
And trac'd, as on a mystic scroll,  
The mysteries of future years,  
And oft your teachings seem'd to be  
Revealings of futurity.

To him ye seem'd mysterious words  
Engraven on night's azure scroll,  
And gazing in the hush of night  
He found their transcript in his soul,  
While oft he trac'd some wondrous name  
Writ in your characters of flame.

The seaman, who first boldly dar'd  
To leave his native shore behind,  
Guided by you, soon learn'd to scorn  
The billows and the raging wind;  
Yours was the chart which mark'd his way  
Across old Ocean's billowy spray.

One from your train in heav'n's high dome  
Once left its dwelling in the skies,  
And lo! it points the shepherds where  
The lowly Son of *Mary* lies,  
When first Christ laid aside his crown,  
And to this guilty world came down.

Since then the Star of Bethlehem  
Outshines by far the glorious throng  
Which wake their sweetest, loftiest strain,  
To chant *creation's* natal song;  
O may thy radiance still increase,  
Thou Star of Hope, thou Star of Peace.

W. B.

—•••••

## SABBATH DAYS.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,  
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—  
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—  
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can  
speak!

Eternity in time—the steps by which  
We climb to future ages—lamps that light  
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,  
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers  
As on he journeys in the narrow way,  
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours  
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,  
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers—  
Periods appointed to renew our trust—  
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy  
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—  
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,  
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Original.

## THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

BY REV. JOHN F. WRIGHT.

THE triumphs of faith were most strikingly exemplified in the life and death of Mrs. HARRIET D. JORDAN, who closed her earthly career in Cincinnati, February 15, 1845. She was a native of the western shore of Maryland, the only child of Abraham and Rebecca Turner, and was born, January 28, 1786. When Harriet was about three years old, her parents removed to the neighborhood of Shepherdstown, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner were reared in the Protestant Episcopal Church; but while their daughter was quite young, they cordially espoused the cause of Methodism, which, at that early period, and in that region, was the "sect everywhere spoken against." They, however, were never ashamed of the society they had selected, but were devoted friends and liberal supporters of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Harriet possessed naturally much sweetness of temper, and from infancy was an amiable child. Her lovely disposition, as exhibited in her obedience and attachment to her parents, attracted the admiration of all who knew her. She was very early impressed with the necessity of a change of heart, that she might be wholly conformed to the will of God, be happy and useful in life, and finally admitted to a union with God in heaven. When about ten years old, she was deprived of her excellent father. It appears that the circumstances of his death, the solemn services at his funeral, and particularly the text used by the minister on the occasion, made a very powerful impression on her tender mind. Soon after this period, she became fully convinced of the danger, guilt, and evil of sin, and sensibly impressed with her need of salvation. She then formed the purpose in her heart never to cease seeking the Lord until she obtained "redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins." And this purpose she manifested by uniting with the Church. She, however, did not realize a satisfactory evidence of her justification, by the witness of the Spirit, until she was in her sixteenth year. At this time the manifestation of the Spirit was so overwhelming, and its testimony so clear, that her JOY WAS FULL. And I desire here to record the fact, as worthy of special attention, that at no subsequent period of her religious course did she ever cast away her confidence, or relax her hold on the Divine promises. She "held fast the profession of her faith without wavering," and appeared constantly to comply with the apostle's injunction, "Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

She endeavored to improve the season of her youth, and her efforts were eminently successful: she grew in grace and in the knowledge of her Lord; so that, in the whole circle of her acquaintance, she was distinguished for superior attainments in experimental and practical godliness. I take occasion to recommend the example of Miss Turner in this respect to all young ladies who may read this notice. Let all, in this favorable period of life, apply themselves with zeal and industry to the means by which they may acquire and have in store a large supply of grace against the time to come.

In her twentieth year, she was married to Mr. Jacob Jordan, who survives her. After her marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan resided at Shepherdstown until 1813, when they removed to Lynchburg, Va. Here they lived until 1825; then emigrated to the west, and after a short residence in Dayton, O., settled in Cincinnati, where, in the fall of 1827, the writer first became personally acquainted with the subject of this memoir.

Mrs. Jordan experienced many vicissitudes in life, and some exceedingly trying and afflictive; but through the whole variety she continued the same humble and devoted Christian; and

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Gathered thick, and thunder'd loud,"

she had in Christ "a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;" so that, however violent the storm, she was safe. She had the assurances of her heavenly Guide, found in that precious promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." It was strong faith in God that sustained and made her triumphant in all the afflictions, trials, and sorrows through which she passed. It may be said of her, in truth, she "walked by faith, not by sight;" and it is easy to explain the method by which she kept that faith in constant and vigorous exercise. It was by fervent prayer, and the use of all the means of grace, daily availing herself of every spiritual help within her power. She observed set times for retirement and prayer, often four or five times a day. She read and studied the Scriptures with close attention, and with a most intense anxiety to ascertain what God would have her to be, to do, and to enjoy. It was a common practice with her to kneel down with the Bible open before her, and pore over its heavenly pages. Thus did she implore the light of the same Spirit which dictated the holy Book to enable her to understand it; and while praying over it for Divine illumination, she searched into it as for hidden treasures. I have good reason to believe she read the New Testament through repeatedly upon her knees. In this way



she became "thoroughly furnished unto all good works," and was made wise unto salvation. After being informed of the successful course which she adopted, none will be surprised that a woman who had such access to Jehovah, such constant communion with Jesus, should continue firm and inflexible in her profession and practice. She never suffered the sacred fires of religion to be extinguished in her soul; but perpetually fed the flame with the oil of devotion. Her piety was deep and uniform, not like the roaring and varying water-fall, but rather as a continuous, smooth, and flowing stream. Her professions were not high-sounding, nor were her devotions accompanied with much noise, yet her "peace was as a river, and her righteousness as the waves of the sea."

No woman, perhaps, ever felt more interested for the real welfare of her children than she did. It was her habit uniformly to pray for them all in a definite and special manner, calling over their names one by one before the throne of grace. For many years she fasted, or used abstinence, every Friday, that she might have the greater power with God, and prevail in behalf of her children. Nor were her prayers in vain. The Lord has answered her supplication, and blessed her children abundantly. An interesting and very promising son (A. Turner) was taken to heaven before her. He died in May, 1836, in great triumph. Six children yet live, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and on their way to heaven. Let this result encourage pious mothers to labor for the salvation of their children. Let them instruct, reprove, restrain, and pray for them, giving influence to all their efforts by a holy example, and they may expect a similar result. With what interest do those children now remember the prayers of their mother, accompanied with strong cries and many tears for them. How inestimable must she appear to have been to them, now she is gone! And if they shall be so happy as to meet her in heaven, they will soon learn to estimate her worth more perfectly; for it may be that they will have to ascribe their salvation, under God, to her instructions, example, and prayers.

Mrs. Jordan suffered much bodily affliction, and was often prostrated by disease. During the last three years it became manifest to her family and friends that her health was rapidly declining, and that her sufferings were more constant and excruciating. Early in the year 1844, it was thought she would never more leave her room; but on the approach of summer she revived, and was able to make a visit to her daughter, the wife of Rev. A. B. Stroud, then living at Urbana. This journey did not improve her health, as was fondly hoped; and, after remaining several weeks, she returned to the city the last of August. From the 8th of

September she was wholly confined to her bed, and suffered alternately the most extreme anguish and lassitude, until released by death.

On the 26th of September, I made her a pastoral visit, and found her mind in a most favorable state. She said she had been exceedingly happy during the whole of her severe illness, having been enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and added, the prospects before her were unusually bright. She further remarked, "Last winter I was brought very low, and was thought to be nigh unto death twice, and then found I had a lingering wish to remain yet longer in this world. I did not know why it was so. My children were all grown and acting for themselves. It is not so now. I have no wish to remain longer here. If it were the will of God, I would rejoice to go soon; but I trust I shall have patience to wait until he is pleased to take me to himself."

In retrospecting her life, she said, "I have passed through a great deal of trouble; but the goodness of the Lord has been strikingly manifest toward me, and I have always found his grace sufficient for me. My children are all kind to me. I have endeavored to raise them for the Lord. I have often taken them, in prayer, to the foot of the cross, and dedicated them to God. This I have frequently done with abstinence. Such was the state of my health that I could not often fast entirely; but statedly added abstinence to my prayers; and I believe the Lord has accepted my offering, and will save all my children." She remarked that she had for a long time prayed that the adversary might let her alone in death, and hoped he would not be permitted to touch her in her last hours.

During this interesting conversation, which I can never forget, she observed, "My heart overflows with joy;" and she often proclaimed the praise of God while she was talking. When we prayed at her bedside, she was so overwhelmed with the Divine blessing that she shouted aloud the praise of her precious Redeemer. And while tears of joy were rolling from her eyes, she proclaimed, from a heart overflowing with gratitude, "Glory! glory to God!" When I was about to leave her room, pressing my hand, she said, "Tell my friends my way is bright before me, and I have a prospect of soon being in heaven."

Two ladies of this city, who were long and intimately acquainted with the deceased, have kindly furnished me with communications, which I adopt with pleasure, as forming an interesting part of this brief notice.

Brother Wright,—It would afford me pleasure to comply with your request, and contribute information respecting the triumphant death of our excellent sister, Jordan; but I fear I shall not be able

to recollect her exact phraseology in the conversations I held with her; and no form of expression, differing from her own, can justly present her experience of the supports of grace under affliction. Besides, her countenance and manner expressed what words cannot convey.

A little more than a year ago I called to see her, and found her prostrated in body, and depressed in mind. The tempter seemed to have taken advantage of her weakness to disquiet her with painful recollections and discomfiting anxieties. She spoke mournfully of the afflictions of life, and of her present state of suffering; but yet did not forget to mention that she had received many blessings from her heavenly Father, and to specify some of them. The subject of "entire sanctification" being mentioned, she said she had never realized that blessing, but had thought and prayed much about it, and named some hinderances that had been in her way. As we thus communed of the things that concern salvation, and joined in fervent prayer, faith sprang up in her heart, and I left her exulting in the God of her salvation.

After this she so far recovered as to be able to walk out, and once attended the female prayer meeting held at our house. She lingered sometime after meeting closed, still dwelling on "the heavenly theme"—a Savior's love; and manifesting an ardent desire to obtain the experience and witness of holiness.

When I returned to the city last autumn, I received a message, desiring me to call and see her, and informing me that, during my absence, she had experienced a great change. At my first call, after the usual greetings, she said, "No tongue can ever tell what I have suffered in body; but I am joyful in spirit." After some farther remarks, she added, "A few days ago I thought I was just on the threshold of heaven, and glory came streaming in at every point." As she spoke her countenance beamed with unspeakable rapture, and waving her hands, she exclaimed, "Glory! glory to God!" I asked her if she now thought she had received the long-sought blessing—holiness; to which she confidently replied, "Yes." She entreated us (sister Strobbridge was with me) to offer her up to God daily, beseeching that he would be pleased early to call her home.

On one occasion she spoke of heaviness of spirit; but attributed it to her extreme suffering. I said, inquiringly, "But you are never tempted to doubt your interest in Christ?" She replied, with great earnestness, "O, no; and I pray almighty God not to permit this;" and then the kindling joy again lighted up her features, and waving her hands, she exclaimed, "O, if it would please him to release me now, I could soar away—soar away to him!"

She uniformly expressed entire confidence in the

wisdom and love of God, though he so deeply afflicted her, applying to herself his own words, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" and expressing the fear that she would not *patiently* wait till he should say, "It is enough: come up higher."

At my last visit to her, a few days before her death, she made many remarks that were full of interest, often breaking out—though feebly—in the language of praise. It was observed to her that the sustaining power of grace, as exemplified in her triumph, amid intense and long continued sufferings, was matter of encouragement and thanksgiving to the saints; to which she responded, "This is a furnace! this is a furnace!" She inquired concerning her daughter, Mrs. S., whom I had recently seen; and being told that sister S. was earnestly seeking higher attainments in the divine life, she rejoiced exceedingly, and summoning all her strength, said, "I well remember when Mary was converted;" and proceeded to give a circumstantial account of that event. At my departure, she repeated again and again, "Offer me up—offer me up to my Jesus."

Respectfully, M. HAMLINE.  
Cincinnati, March 11, 1845.

Brother Wright,—Most readily I would answer your inquiries relative to our departed sister, Jordan, if my acquaintance with her had left me in possession of facts particularly interesting. But her amiable, meek, and quiet spirit, with an unusual degree of power to endure, made but few traces to attract the world. She was emphatically, from my first knowledge of her in class, (now fourteen years since,) a bowed down Christian. Her cries unceasingly were, "O, Lord, for more of thy power—more of thy love!" refusing to be satisfied with the crumbs which sustained her from her Master's table.

Not far from this period, our dear sister was brought into exceeding trial of a peculiar cast. She bowed her head submissively, and with great Christian firmness looked to the strong for help, and found an almighty arm, powerful to save. I believe, during her especial afflictions, I was permitted to draw very near her heart; and I do know that she bore the precious fruits of faith in her life, and that her conversation was ever marked with holy love.

On my return, in November last, I heard of our beloved sister's illness, and of her desire to see me. My visits to her suffering chamber were never after intermitted. O, those hallowed visits of precious memory! I found, during my absence of several years, a change of wonderful growth in grace. Often was her dying body suffering agonies indescribable; and yet not one groan ever escaped her lips.



So far from uttering complaint, she would very frequently sing the full, flowing songs of Zion, and would exclaim, "Victory, victory through my blessed Lord! My Savior, O what unmerited goodness to my soul!"

On one occasion, I asked her to tell me more the distinctive qualities of her exalted blessings. "O," said she, "can you tell what heaven is? Can you define heaven? *There,*" she added, "I have seen my adorable Savior—altogether glorious." With her eyes upraised, again she shouted, waving her trembling hand in perfect triumph. I pressed her still to tell me more, that the world might be enriched by God's gracious dealings with her soul. "O," replied she, "Brother Wright knows it: he will declare it all."

At one time I said to her, "Soon, sister, you will be released." The thought was ecstasy. "O, that just now," said she, "I could but hear that the angel of death were at this hour commissioned to set my ransomed soul at liberty. I tell you there is *glory* just beyond Jordan's swelling flood." Her spirit seemed about taking, indeed, its flight to that "better land," through the joys of her soul overpowering the feeble body. And as we sung, and cheered her with her happy prospects, a seraphic smile lighted up her countenance, while she ascribed "glory! glory!" in noblest strains of praise. This heaven-born smile passed away, and a solemn scene seemed to arrest her sight. Here she gazed with an enraptured, but silent awe, while to us around her bed she appeared unconscious of pain, or life, or friends. As soon as she relaxed again, and was restored to her usual condition of mind, I said, "Sister tell us: did you again see heaven open?" Promptly she replied, "Yes. O my Savior!" Then followed such transporting joy and "praise, praise," ecstatic "praise to Him who cleanseth from all sin," that she became exhausted. O, with what a look and with what an emphasis she said it: "*Sister, I know I am perfected in love.*"

Yours, with Christian regard,

E. B. SMITH.

Cincinnati, March 8, 1845.

In my visits, I always found her resigned, patient, and happy. Her greatest difficulty seemed to be a fear that her stock of patience might be exhausted, and that she would become too anxious to be released from suffering, and be at rest. On the 11th of February, I found her exceedingly happy, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. A complication of diseases seemed to conspire to torture her languishing body; but her soul was richly laden with the divine goodness, and well prepared for an "abundant entrance" into heaven. She requested me to attend her funeral, and gave special instruction that she be "put away quietly." Said she, "I want no show or parade at my funeral. Let a few friends

come here to the house, and do you address them as you may think proper, using the text, 'O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?'" adding, in great ecstasy, "I have the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. GLORY! GLORY! GLORY to Christ!"

Her physician, Dr. Peck, who is a pious man, makes the following statement: "In one of my daily visits, as I was sitting by her bed, she remarked, in an animated, although hesitating manner, 'Doctor, I don't know but you will think I am wrong, and perhaps I am; but still I will say that, should you come in some day, and say that I was dying, I think I would shout for joy.' On the morning previous to her decease, perceiving that a considerable change had taken place in her countenance and pulse, I cautiously observed that she was nearly through; that she would probably not continue with us much longer. 'Do you think so?' said she; and immediately shouted, 'Bless the Lord! bless the Lord!' which she continued to repeat, with other expressions of great joy. Her daughter, Frances, who was present, was unable to restrain her tears. To her she said, 'My daughter, why do you weep, when your mother is so soon to be released from her sufferings? and although you will no doubt miss me some, you need not be lonely while you have such a friend as Jesus. Put your trust in him.'"

Thus did her faith triumph as death approached, with all his freezing terrors in his face, being joyful to the last. And never were the words of the text she selected more appropriate to any dying saint than to her: "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

#### THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

OURS is a lovely world! How fair  
Thy beauties, even on earth, appear!  
The seasons in their courses fall,  
And bring successive joys: the sea,  
The earth, the sky, are full of thee,  
Benignant, glorious LORD OF ALL.

There's beauty in the break of day;  
There's glory in the noontide ray;  
There's sweetness in the twilight shades—  
Magnificence in night: thy love  
Arched the grand heaven of blue above,  
And all our smiling earth pervades.

And if thy glories here be found  
Streaming with radiance all around,  
What must the FOUNT OF GLORY be?  
In thee we'll hope—in thee confide,  
Thou mercy's never-ebbing tide!  
Thou love's unfathomable sea!

BOWRING.

Original.

## SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

Jael.

THE Kenites are to me a singularly interesting people; and the few brief fragments I have been able to gather relative to their history, have tended to excite, rather than to satisfy my curiosity. Some commentators on the Holy Scriptures have supposed them to be the descendants of Abraham and his wife Keturah. But with due deference to such high authority, is not the surmise rendered improbable from the fact that they are mentioned among the nations whose territories were promised to that patriarch, as the future possession of his posterity, at an early period of his history? They were, it is true, in after years, connected in some way with the Midianites, who traced their origin to Abraham, for the father-in-law of Moses is called both a Kenite and a Midianite; but may not the latter appellation have been bestowed on him merely because he exercised the office of prince or priest in the land of Midian? When the Israelites journeyed toward Canaan, they were permitted to pass unmolested through the Kenite dominions, although the Amalekites, who occupied a neighboring territory, disputed their progress. This kindness of the Kenites was, perhaps, the result of Moses' sojourn among them after his flight from the court of Pharaoh, in conjunction with the influence of his father-in-law. It was remembered for their advantage at a future period, when Saul was sent to chastise the Amalekites, and the Kenites were admonished to depart from their vicinity lest they should accidentally share in their punishment. The father-in-law of Moses seems to have joined the Israelites as they passed through or near the country in which he resided, and to have become, at the solicitation of the Hebrew lawgiver, their guide through the trackless deserts they were called to traverse. His descendants, the Kenites, to whom our present article more particularly refers, appear to have continued with Israel ever after, until the conquest of the latter by the Assyrians, in the calamities of which they also partook, agreeably to the ancient prediction of Balaam, within whose view they were doubtlessly encamped with the host of Israel, when he pronounced his remarkable and sublime prophecy from the high places of Moab. The Rechabites, a branch of the same Kenite family, were favored, about the time of the fulfillment of that prophecy relative to their ancestors, with an especial promise from God, of preservation through the revolutions which should convulse the nations of the earth. This promise must have proved a source of great consolation in their subsequent misfortunes, and

was given as a reward for their scrupulous adherence to the rules instituted for their guidance by one of their forefathers, and proclaimed by Jeremiah to Israel in reprehension of their ungrateful violation of the commands of Jehovah. Historians assure us that the Rechabites still exist as a distinct people among the wandering tribes of Arabia, furnishing a striking evidence of the literal verification of the prediction. With the recollection of these details fresh in our minds, we shall be better prepared to pronounce judgment on the portraiture of Jael, some lineaments of which might else strike us with peculiar horror. Hence this long exordium.

Our preceding sketch introduced the reader to the subjugation of Israel by Jabin, king of Hazor, and their revolt and success under the direction of Deborah and Barak. The chapter containing the details which we copied, informs us also, that "Heber the Kenite, one of the children of Hobab, the father-in-law of Moses, had severed himself from his people, and pitched his tent in the plain of Zaanaim, near Kedesh." No reason is assigned for his unsocial movement, or his choice of a location. The announcement would seem, to a cursory view, to be an unimportant episode relative to an unknown individual, and having no connection with the previous subject. It is inserted in the midst of a stirring narrative, which is immediately resumed after the apparently inconsiderable circumstance is recorded. Yet that circumstance was rendered in the wisdom of God of great moment, for it was the occasion of the death of Israel's stern oppressor. After the defeat of Jabin's forces by Barak, Sisera, their general, left his chariot and fled from the scene of contest. Weary, heated, and exhausted, he approached the tent of Jael, the wife of Heber, for there was at that time peace between his sovereign and the house of the Kenite. Probably he trusted to her woman's nature for the prompt succor which he so much needed; and, if he sought concealment, rightly conjectured that his pursuers would not be likely to follow him to the tent of a female, which, according to the laws of the eastern nations, was sacredly respected. Jael perceived him in the distance, and went forth to meet him with words of comfort and hope upon her lip, whatever were the emotions which stirred within her bosom. That she actually intended him evil at that moment I am inclined to doubt, although it is equally improbable that she desired him to escape the vengeance of the Israelites. Her proximity to Kedesh, the rendezvous of the Israelitish cohorts, must have acquainted her with the movements of Barak and Deborah, and the rumor of the battle had, doubtlessly, reached her ears. We cannot imagine her uninterested in the result. Even although her people took no part in the contest, they were the ancient allies of those who were



struggling for their liberties, connected with them by numerous bonds, and her affections, associations, and sympathies must surely have been on the side of the oppressed. Perhaps, too, the prediction of Deborah that the fierce Sisera should be delivered into the hand of a woman, was not unknown to her, and the recollection of it might have suggested to her the method of its fulfillment, when she beheld the distinguished fugitive advancing toward her tent. True, he was now in peril and distress, and had come to her for relief. Would it be generous, would it be womanlike to treat him as a foe? But was he not the chief agent in the long and burdensome oppression of Israel, and did not the story of his cruelty yet linger in her memory? She might indeed temporarily relieve his necessity with such refreshment as her tent afforded, but would it be kind, would it be wise in her to suffer him eventually to escape, again to renew the conflict, and perhaps compel the almost defenseless Israelites to harder servitude? Or if, in the providence of God, they would accomplish their freedom at last, many a form now warm with life and energy might be trampled beneath the iron chariots of Sisera, should he elude *her* hand, ere the boon was won. These were probably some of the reflections which passed through the mind of Jael, when she stepped forth on her errand of apparent hospitality, supplied the wants of Sisera, and composed him to the slumber which was to know such a fearful waking! Her manner must have been self-possessed, and her whole deportment of a character to banish suspicion, else he would not have trusted her to such an extent, as to repose quietly within her tent, with the request that she should watch without, and prevent his detection, should the enemy approach. It was probably during that solitary and silent vigil that her thoughts, hitherto perplexed and confused, took a more definite form, and she determined to accomplish the death of Sisera by her own weak, unaided hand, and by a bold, decisive effort put an end at once to the war, and secure the liberation of Israel. The only instruments of destruction that seem to have been within her reach, were a nail and hammer; and having wrought her feelings to the requisite height of enthusiasm, she softly entered the tent where her victim slept, and dealt the fatal blow. We can imagine such a state of mind as would nerve her hand and strengthen her spirit for the deed, strange and unfeminine as it appears, even without an express command from Heaven, which, however, some readers suppose was given to Jael. Modern times are not without similar examples. Deborah, the heroine whom we have recently justly lauded for her gentleness and forbearance, celebrates her act; so that, while we cannot recommend her to imitation, we may yet join the strain of panegyric, in concluding the para-

phrase of Deborah's song, commenced in our last sketch.

O! bless'd above women who dwell in the tent,  
We, Jael, the wife of the Kenite, will call,  
To whose spirit, a moment, the courage was lent  
To accomplish our rescue from tyranny's thrall.  
To her presence, exhausted, the fugitive came,  
Refreshment and shelter awhile to demand;  
With ready compliance she answer'd his claim,  
And granted him more than he ask'd at her hand.

Remembering only that he was the foe  
Of the people and God she had chosen her own,  
With a nail and a hammer she gave him the blow,  
Which Israel's oppressor at once hath o'erthrown.

The mother of Sisera looks for her son,  
And marvels why tarries his chariot so long:  
Assured by her ladies the battle is won,  
They forestall their delight in a triumphant song.

O! have they not sped and divided the prey?  
And Sisera's share is some damsel's fair toil—  
Of divers bright colors—well meet for display  
On their necks who have taken the coveted spoil.

Ever thus let thine enemies perish, O Lord!  
The rule of oppression in justice requite—  
But may those who adore thee and trust in thy word,  
Resemble the sun in the noon of his might.

In considering the conduct of Jael, the following thoughts suggested themselves in rhyme, almost as impromptu. I send them in connection with her portraiture:

#### JAEI'S SOLILOQUY.

Why throb'st thou thus so wildly, O my heart?  
What are the thoughts which agitate my brain?  
Can I indeed essay so stern a part?  
Will not the act of blood my conscience stain?  
Hath Heav'n ordain'd that I this blow should deal,  
And sent him here to place him in my pow'r?  
If this be so, O God thy will reveal,  
And gird my soul for the avenging hour!  
But he *doth trust me!* calmly sleeping now—  
No doubt disturbs him, lest I trait'rous prove—  
That feeling comes my spirit's strength to bow,  
And to its depths my anguish'd heart to move.  
Yet whence this weakness? he is Israel's foe—  
And of a race by Heav'n proscrib'd—accurs'd—  
Should he escape full many a wail of woe,  
From breasts his cruelty hath wrung, will burst.  
Shame on thee, Jael! let cowardly fears be hush'd,  
And urge thy courage to its fiercest bent—  
His iron chariots many a heart have crush'd—  
Why shouldst thou falter in thy just intent?

#### SEPARATION.

When forced to part from those we love  
If sure to meet to-morrow,  
We still a pang of anguish prove,  
And feel a touch of sorrow.

But who can paint the briny tears  
We shed when thus we sever,  
If forced to part for months, for years,  
To part—perhaps *for ever!*

Original.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

EDUCATION is, in this day, eminently *the* subject. Criticism, induction, eclecticism, &c., are again and again urged upon the public, as the only worthy methods whereby to ascertain and to establish its proper treatment and tuition. And yet, in one department, or in one grade of the scale, this idea has been entirely overlooked and neglected—in the department of infants' books. Look into whatever emporium you may, and you will find evidence of this assertion. Sabbath school libraries, however, and professedly religious depots, should be exceptions to my statement.

The injurious effects of a mistaken leading to the mind—to the *turn* of the mind—at this early period, can be only commensurate to its liveliness and susceptibility of receiving and retaining the impressions then made. The error is here a *radical* one. The young, apt, and greedy senses are now subject to the double stimulus of craving and of novelty. Those ideas in particular which have been introduced and aided, through the medium of sight, will be found to endure beyond all others, and as accurately copied out upon the *retina* of the *mind*, as upon that of the eye—with this difference—that the eye saw them once—the mind retains them for ever. Who has ever forgotten the set of wooden plates that illustrated the first book to which our young attention was directed? Was ever bird note so sweet as that which, on some breezy morn, saluted, for the first, our infant ear? Eau d' Cologne, ottar of rose, all the gales from "Araby the blest," shall never efface the indescribable odor breathed from the first bed of violets which, in early spring, our baby hands assisted to uncover; or the first sweet-fern caught on the gale; or the new-mown hay; or the cow's breath, as our nurse took us once to milking with her. All these, with their accompaniments, of time, place, and associates, are indelibly fixed in the mind, never to be forgotten. Forgotten! no not even by our regular seven years putting off of self—that is of self—"investments"—of flesh, and blood, and bone—can efface them. Appropos of this theory, it comes in to the aid of mine, showing that the thoughts which are conceived in the senses are yet made over and assigned to the "safe-keeping" of the mind for ever. So long as *that* lasts, so long do *they* last—*first impressions*, being of deepest bias as *types* of taste. In these circumstances, perhaps, the delineation of a scene supersedes nature—not being really preferred, but because our attention was, at an early age, constrained to its contemplation.

In these latter days there has been a continual falling off in the department of "literature." The same decadence as from the sentimental and romantic to the burlesque and extravaganza style of novels,

has also taken place in children's books. And I believe that, however apt the mind, in the flush and fullness of *youth*, may be to the quality and taste of the aliment presented to it, this evil is necessarily much aggravated to the *infant* reader; for the mind, being as yet entirely unstored and vacant, has nothing wherewith to compare, to select, or assort—according to its capacity—its inlay of stock ideas. Let it be remembered, that a child, by the time it can read, has already, and is intuitively acquiring, some notions of fitness and propriety—is capable of ideas, which, though not "abstract," may yet be consecutive and consistent.

Allowing this, what, for instance, shall be the impression, to a mind of entirely unformed taste, upon reading such a book as "Puss in Boots?" To be sure, it is a thing of *no meaning*, but not, therefore, innocent to the innocent reader. The mind receives nothing, yet the eye is attracted by the gaudy coloring, and the *taste* corrupted by its grotesque delineations. The mind, I have said, receives nothing: nevertheless, it is confused and disappointed; for it is so constituted as to look for and expect a meaning in whatever attempt or pursuit it may engage. And it intuitively does make to itself some object, either right or wrong, in every instance. None of us, recollecting the time when we were able to read a book at all, but will allow that this idea was both stimulus and motive to the act. In "Puss in Boots," the baby reader is sadly at a loss; for it is quite true that "no meaning puzzles more than wit;" and here the perusal would result in that unsatisfied state quite discouraging to the promotion of the proper object of these early books, namely, a taste for reading.

The method of most of them is to skim over and just touch upon the very top and surface faculties of perception—at the same time they mischievously recommend a spirit of burlesque, upon all subjects, by the glaring illustrations presented on every page.

The history, too, of

"Mr. Slaughter, (a butcher),  
His son and his daughter,"  
Who "went over the water," &c.,

leaving English roast beef and plumb pudding, for matters not nearly as substantial, as, all "for the sake of travel," they cross over the channel for France, &c., must be quite "taking" to a child, from the liveliness of its incidents and its variety. This latter, though condensed to about as much reading matter as suffices for a child's book, is yet not a child's book—the allusions being as much beyond a child's apprehension, as the other falls short of it. It is in fact a pretty good burlesque upon the traveling mania (for fashion's sake) of those persons who, measuring themselves by their wealth alone, and overgoing their own pretensions, affect to be fine gentlemen and fine ladies, when they are not;



and thus subject themselves to many unnecessary and necessary mortifications. To an adult, it is quite a laughable little thing, from sly hits insinuated. Whilst this traveling family are performing some swells in a foreign country—which they would not have attempted at home—there is quietly resting in the corner of each picture a good solid "joint of meat," by way of *escutcheon*, and, we might also fancy, presenting a contrast between what they had left and what they have found—between beef and frog. But the infant looking at this, sees—a joint of meat. Again, when the old butcher gets melancholy—for he recovers his good sense sooner than the rest of the family—he is represented as sitting, whilst "musing alone," under a wide-spreading tree—a huge *blackbird* (bird of sad omen) directly over his head, which, in this lively fiction, is quite laughable. But the baby again sees—a blackbird.

Many other books of similar kind might be named. For myself, I am not nearly so erudite in these "modern productions," as in works of an earlier date. And how, out of all comparison, are those superior to these! Well do I remember the distinct impressions received from each volume of my little library. I believe the first book that I ever owned, after my "primer," was the most pathetic of all books—"the Death and Burial of Cock Robin." How greedily I devoured the story! How instantly I adopted every sentiment! How did I detest the "Sparrow!" for with his bow and arrow he "killed Cock Robin." What sympathy, too, had I with the "Fly!" for "with his little eye," "he saw him die." And I conceived a sort of respect for the neighborly industry of the "Beetle;" for "with his thread and needle," "he made the shroud." And then how affecting was the office of the two little "Wrens," as "bearers!" In short, all the proprieties of a regular burial graced these obsequies, giving, in the whole, an idea of orderliness and respect, which in some measure qualified my grief, and arrested my infant contemplations from the main subject—not so much, however, but that I shed many pure and precious tears over the "grave of Cock Robin." Upon the whole, I believe that not only were my sympathies exercised and delighted, but I think my mind was enlarged and elevated, and my "stock of knowledge" somewhat increased by this reading. It is many a long year since I have seen a copy of the book. If out of print, I would advise for a new edition of it immediately.

Another favorite and stirring book was the history of "Whittington and his Cat." This, I recollect, addresses itself altogether to another set of ideas from the last mentioned. How do we struggle with the little starveling, to do our best, and to propitiate the good graces of Betty Scullion! how

thankful we feel for the scraps to our dinner which we obtain by her favor! and how nice it was to earn a penny—that wonderful penny, too, which buys us our *friend*, our cat. Our solitary loft is quite cheerful since grimalkin is there; and she guards us from the rats and mice, at the same time that she purrs us to sleep. We are making progress too: our advancement is regular and attendant upon desert: we are faithful, and our master rewards us by his confidence. We are sensible to this kindness. Could we, indeed, give a higher proof of our gratitude than parting with our *cat* for his sake? Then the wonderful returns from our adventure (the cat)—the ship "nearly full of gold," (a good deal, to be sure!) and "how generous one should be that is rich!" And how magnanimous it was in Whittington! and "it showed how happy he was, too," to "give Betty Scullion a present along with all the rest," "though she did use to kick and cuff him." And we remember that she was so cruel to him once that he *ran away*; and how, when he had become thoroughly fatigued, and exhausted with weeping, the forlorn little wretch sat himself down upon a stone on the outskirts of the city to rest himself. And here, as he sat quite still, with his head on his hands, his "better mind" returned to him, and he resolved to turn "to go home again; and how, "as soon as he had made this resolution," his courage came to him, and his spirits were revived by the bells, which, heard in the distance, "seemed to say"—always to say,

"Return, return, O Whittington!  
Thrice lord mayor of London;"

and all along the bells said nothing else but this. And this little boy, though hungry, and cold, and tired, slunk supperless to bed, in his lonely garret, and slept delightfully that night—happier than most persons in that large city. Next morning Betty Scullion was in a better *humor*; "but then it was wrong in her to beat poor Whittington because she was vexed with some one else," was it not?

I had almost forgotten that the captain that took Whittington's cat to sea, when he arrived, (I forget what country he went to,) was "invited to dine with the queen;" and they would have had a very agreeable dinner, if there had not been "so many rats running over the table." But how pleased the queen was when the captain presented her with the cat. "And do see" the rats, how they do all scamper off for their lives. Now the queen can take some comfort of her dinner. She talks to puss, too, and calls her "*putty, putty, putty*;" "for she cannot speak English." And then she gives the captain the present, which I have "mentioned," for Whittington. And now do not fear that his good conduct and his good fortune together—and the one happened to be the consequence of the other—will make him a happy man. His master takes

him into partnership, and about these days his *master* (for so the apprentices in London style their employers) invites him into the parlor to drink tea with his daughter. And how natural it was that Whittington should fall in love with a young lady so good and so beautiful. And look at the picture where they are standing before the priest to be married. And the book tells how Whittington always helped the poor, and was a good man, and a good citizen; and from one office to another, he finally was installed "*mayor* of London," and then was "*knighted*," and re-elected, and still re-elected. And how he said to himself, "It is best always to do right: if I had not *turned about*, when I ran away, I should not have heard the bells, which said,

'Return, return, O Whittington!  
Thrice lord mayor of London,'"

This certainly is quite a clever story, where conduct and consequences are, in a very simple way, made morally logical. The interest is lively and proper—the inferences are direct, and the infant reader cannot fail to be enlarged both in capacity and aspiration by its perusal. And many nearly as good as this may be found in the old order of books. Now place such a book as this beside "*Puss in Boots*," and say whether the infant student of the one and of the other have an "*equal start*," or will be probable to arrive at the *same goal*?

C. M. B.

Original.

#### THE SAILOR BOY'S MOTHER.

ON a romantic part of the shore of Lake Erie, lived a poor pious widow. She was the mother of a large family, and for some years had been called to struggle, as best she could, for their support. Her humble cottage, though the home of poverty, showed, by its neatness, that its inmates had seen better days. Her only means for the support of her six children, were the avails of her needle, and the wages of George, her eldest son, who was a sailor. George, though not pious, loved his mother. Under his rough, sailor-like exterior, he had a soul susceptible of tender affection. Often, when weary and watch-worn, amid the storm, his pulse quickened at the thought of spending the winter at home around his mother's fireside. Strong was her affection for this boy: she leaned on him as her only earthly prop. With all her economy she found it difficult to "*make both ends meet*" until the close of navigation, when he usually drew his wages; and meat, flour, fuel, and other necessities, were laid in for the winter. Thus passed many years, and George, by means of his industry, had aided in making the inmates of the cottage comparatively comfortable.

It was late in the fall, and he was daily expected

from his last trip to the lower lakes. His mother had long watched the port, and the children eyed every canvass that entered the bay, hoping it was the schooner on which George sailed; but he came not. Navigation closed, and nature, with her icy chain, locked up the harbors of the lake, while many a warm-souled sailor sought his home with the avails of his summer's toil.

There was sorrow in the widow's cottage, for from George they heard nothing. At length intelligence reached them he would not return. Yielding to the persuasions of his wicked shipmates, he had gone from Oswego to some seaport, intending to engage in the merchant service on the ocean, to be absent two or three years at least, and perhaps never return. Who can tell the grief of that family on hearing this? If he had died they could have felt no more. What was to be done? Winter, with its withering winds, was coming on apace, the meat barrel nearly empty, the flour almost gone, the last few sticks by the fire, and no means to replenish. What could she do? To write to him would be useless; for before a letter could reach the seaport, he would probably be "*far away on the ocean wave*." To add to her distress, her eyesight had become impaired, so that she could not use her needle. None but a widowed mother can paint her feelings. To Elijah's God she went with her complaints, and he who supplied a prophet's wants, remembered also the widow and the fatherless.

Week after week slowly passed away; but nothing more was heard from George. In the closet, and at the family altar, she poured her soul out daily in his behalf. Her eyesight, in the meanwhile, was so far recovered, she could earn something with her needle; and often, when midnight found her still at her task, tears stopped her toil, as kneeling she prayed to God that, by his providence, he would bring back the wandering boy. The enemy often whispered her prayers would never be answered; but with simple faith the widow clung to the promises of God, with the full assurance that by some means he would bring the wanderer home.

Late one afternoon, as she sat by the fireside sewing, she was startled by the sound of wheels approaching the door. Before she could rise, the door opened, and a pale, emaciated young man, threw his arms around her neck. "*My son!*" "*My mother!*" It was George. He had been taken sick in Albany, where he was left by his shipmates, whom he promised to follow as soon as he recovered. His sickness, however, gave him time for reflection; and he resolved, if he should get better, he would immediately return to his mother. As soon as her full soul could find audible utterance, she exclaimed, "*I knew the Lord would*



answer my prayer. Glory to his name, his promises never fail!"

George, from that time, continued a dutiful son; and as his mother related, in substance, the above to the writer, she said, with feeling, "Can I—*dare I* ever doubt the goodness of God?" T. C.

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Original.

#### THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

MUCH is implied in this worthy name; a name sanctified by the holy lives of so many of God's dear children, and consecrated by the blood of so many martyrs. But the mere name is but empty sound, without honor, worth, or significance. At the city of Antioch, the capital of Syria, the followers of Jesus were first called Christians. It was at one time the metropolis of Antiochus Epiphanes, of terrible memory to the Jewish nation, the most cruel and inveterate persecutor that ever troubled God's ancient people. He was the anti-Christ of the Old Testament, as Popery is of the New. But on this very spot where Satan had his throne, where relentless persecution had well nigh extinguished the line of Abraham—the law—and the people of the Jews, the general standard of the Gospel was first erected.

When "the men of Cyprus and Cyrene" first unfurled the banners of the Prince of Peace, preaching Christ and the resurrection in Antioch, the city was the abode of debauchery and lasciviousness, and its inhabitants luxurious and dissolute to a proverb. Even here, amid all the degrading and corrupting influences of heathenism and vain philosophy, the Gospel became the power and wisdom of God to the salvation of many souls, and a heathen city gave birth to the Christian name. How glorious the success, and signal the triumphs of true religion. That name, which obliges its professor to depart from all iniquity, had its origin where sin so much abounded. Thus God makes the cockatrice egg to bring forth a dove, and magnifies his name in the midst of his enemies. Antioch has been immortalized by this event; and while its gorgeous palaces have crumbled to the dust, and the great city has dwindled into an obscure Mohammedan village, a desolate heap of ruins, the spot is sacred to every heart glowing with immortal hopes, and to every person assuming the Christian name.

Hitherto the followers of Jesus Christ were called by various names. Among themselves they were known as saints, devout men, believers, disciples, and brethren; by their enemies they were reproachfully called Nazarenes, Galileans, the people of that way, pestilent fellows, and other kindred appellations, indicative of ignominy and contempt. It is probable that the disciples assumed this name, not by a private agreement among themselves, but by

the appointment of God. The ordinary use of the word "called" in the Holy Scriptures, signifying a declaration from God, see Matth. ii, 22, where it is rendered "warned of God;" also Heb. xi, 7, and xii, 25, strongly favors this opinion, if it does not settle the point, that the name was chosen by the special direction of the Holy Ghost. The evangelical Isaiah predicted that the people of God should be called by a "*new name*," and that the Lord should call his servants by "another name," not Jews and proselytes, but Christians. We find from the epistolary writings of the inspired apostles, that the name assumed by the Antiochian believers met with their approbation; and in the apostolical age its use became universal: the disciples of Jesus were everywhere called Christians. The name, as well as the thing, has a divine original.

The Christian name is indicative of relationship to Christ. The Israelites were called from Israel, their father, the Hebrews from Heber, and the Jews from Judah; but now, the whole redeemed family of Jesus is named from Christ, its living head. By nature we are aliens, strangers, and foreigners; but by grace, we become the brethren of Christ: assuming his blessed name and possessing his spirit, we are called Christians. What an honor, what a privilege, to assume such a worthy name. When a Roman master liberated a servant whom he highly esteemed, and for whose future welfare he felt anxious, the manumitted was kindly permitted to wear his master's name; so the slave of sin, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, is graciously allowed to assume his Savior's name, to be called a Christian, an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ.

The Christian name is expressive of the spirit and feelings of genuine Christian union. The name Jew was odious to the uncircumcised Gentile, and the name Gentile was hateful to the son of Abraham; but under the Gospel, God has showed us a more excellent way: "We being many, are one in Christ." The sacramental host of God's elect, though divided into many denominations, is one in spirit—one in aim—one in feeling. In doing homage to the Son of God, we are Christians—on the battle-field of Zion, we are Christians—in anticipation of the glory to be revealed, we are Christians.

The Christian name indicates self-consecration to the service of Christ. It shows "whose we are, and whom we serve," that "we are not our own, but bought with a price." It is a recognition of his claim upon all that we are and have: "Wherefore, glorify God in your spirits, and in your bodies, which are the Lord's."

The name brings us under the authority of God's commands, and the disposal of his providence; for the avowal of the Christian name is a most solemn and sacred obligation on our part to avoid the

appearance of evil, as well as to depart from all iniquity, "to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world." While we expect God to do much for us, for the sake of the name we bear, he expects us to live and labor worthy of the Christian name. The Macedonian conqueror had a soldier in his army that was of his own name, but a great coward: "Either be like me, or lay aside my name," was the command of Alexander. It is evidently a practical lie, to be called a Christian, without Christianity in the heart. To name the name of Christ, without imbibing his spirit, is the impression of a false inscription on our character; "for if any man has not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his;" and it exposes the soul to all the disastrous consequences of hypocrisy; for, sooner or later, the voice of Christ will pierce the heart: "I never knew you, depart from me ye workers of iniquity." Every Christian duty has its corresponding blessing. The soul, living up to the full obligation of the Christian name never weeps over neglected opportunities, conscience never condemns, and the heart is never sad; for in the keeping of God's commandments there is a great reward. Under the shield of Almighty protection, the Christian journeys to the grave—in the smiles of divine love he triumphs over the king of terror—and when his Master calls, with joy unspeakable he cuts loose from the shores of time and is for ever with the Lord.

The Christian name has received various treatment at the hands of poor worms of the earth: some regard it with the most bitter hatred; some treat it with malignant scorn; others neglect its claims; while a few esteem it their highest honor and greatest pleasure to assume the name, and to live as becometh those professing godliness. In the early ages of Christianity the assumption of the Christian name excited the most malignant and cruel persecution. Athenagoras, in his apology for the suffering people of God, says, "Found guilty of any crimes, we ask no mercy, but let not the mere name be punished, as if that was a crime." Justin Martyr declares, "We are hated merely for the name of Christ." When this blessed name, in the dreadful Dioclesian persecution, had been pursued by fire and sword; by every cruelty which the most inveterate enmity could suggest, and the most absolute power could execute, the emperor struck a medal with this inscription: "I have destroyed the Christian name." But the infuriated Pagan imagined a vain thing, for the Christian name survives the combined power of Pagan and Papal Rome; it still lives, and will live for ever. While thus treated by its foes, or prostituted by false friends, faithful Christians loved, cherished, and gloried in the name. In the cold, damp dungeon—amid the voracious lions—and writhing in agony at the stake, it was their boast, their joy, their all. A martyr, asked

by his judge what countryman he was, replied, "A Christian;" what avocation he followed—"The Christian's;" what destiny he expected—with a hallowed smile upon his heaven-inspired countenance, he exclaimed, "The Christian's." That illustrious Christian lady, the distinguished Blandina, who suffered under Antonius, when the curling flame encircled her body, the spirit of God and of glory resting upon her, exclaimed with rapturous triumphs, "I am a Christian."

This subject reproves those who are ashamed of the Christian name, and those who are a shame to it. The sinner, in his impenitence and unbelief, is ashamed of it, and the formalist in religion is a shame to it. A wicked life and the Christian name is a startling contradiction. Scipio Africanus had a dissolute son, who had nothing of the father but the name. This effeminate youth wore a ring wherein was his father's picture; but his character was so different from his illustrious father's, that the Roman Senate passed an act, to forbid the unworthy youth to wear that ring. It is an edict of high authority, "Let him that names the name of Christ depart from iniquity." A decree has issued from the eternal throne, "Be sure your sin will find you out." And that soul that hath assumed the Christian name, without experiencing religion, shall hear the dreadful, but righteous command of the Judge, Take from him that which he hath, and cast him into outer darkness. The Christian name is not known in the dark world of woe, the perdition of ungodly men.

Christian reader, the true disciple has the only right that God acknowledges to the Christian name. It is not human laws, or obedience to the commandment of men—it is not the assumption of the Christian name, or the decision of fallible men that makes the Christian—"Ye must be born again." Scriptural holiness is the only credible evidence of Christian character. Let us, then, in our personal character, and daily walk, exhibit the import, the dignity, and the glory of the Christian name.

B. W. C.

#### THE BOOK.

THIS book, this holy book, on every line  
Marked with the seal of high divinity,  
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love  
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry  
And signature of God Almighty stamped  
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,  
This lamp from off the everlasting throne,  
Mercy brought down, and in the night of Time,  
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,  
And evermore beseeching men, with tears  
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

POLLOK.



Original.

## THE SOLITARY RIDE.

I HAVE just returned from a funeral—from the house of death, but not of mourning. This was as it should be; for the deceased was aged, had lived a life of order and piety, and was fully ripe for the harvest. Surrounded by his children and his children's children, he had long been cherished with great tenderness, and had at last gradually sunk into the imbecilities of age, without its attendant pains and penalties; and even death came upon him like a tranquil sleep, and took him without suffering.

When I reached the house, the funeral attendants were mostly assembled. All was quiet and solemn, as became the occasion. There lay the man of years exposed to view, with an expression of placid tranquility resting upon the features; and near by were sitting, deeply impressed, but composed, those household friends in whose hearts had ever dwelt the law of kindness toward him. They had done their duty, and now that all was over, no ghost of departed years came to affright or disquiet them with the recollection of neglect, or unkindness, or forgotten ministrations. And when they approached to take their last look of the corpse, they were still sustained in the trial: there was no outbreathing of convulsive grief to pain the ear of the assembly. They had loved and honored their parent in life, and in his death they were resigned and happy.

How different are the feelings, when the *young*—those just ripening into life—are taken away, before the character is fully formed, or the intellect expanded, yet when the heart—the heart is in full maturity. There is no season of life when the stroke of bereavement inflicts so severe a wound as at this; and yet, if they *died* in the Lord, and we are living to the Lord, why should it be thus?

For far beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a world of endless bliss:  
Where, in a few brief, fleeting years,  
We'll find the dear ones lost in this.

To return to my narrative. The religious ceremonies being ended, the coffin was closed and borne out, and the procession was formed. The interment was to be at some miles from the city, and carriages were provided for *all* who wished to follow after the corpse; yet the attendants were not numerous. I have often observed that poor mortals are unwilling to look into the grave: they will avail themselves of any excuse to avoid it. And so it was on the present occasion. While I was waiting for the accommodation of those whom I supposed, from kindred or friendship, had a prior claim to myself, I found the assembly was dispersing, and the procession getting in motion; so that, when I stepped into the carriage that was drawn up, there was *none to follow*, and I found myself—

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alone. The first thought that arose in my mind, after the closing of the carriage door was, "Well, I am not *quite alone in the world*;" and an emotion of gratitude was awakened in my heart that it was so, and that I was not then following one of *my* few surviving relatives to the grave. As we moved along at a funereal pace, it took us sometime to get beyond the limits of the city; and from the open windows of the carriage new objects were constantly presenting themselves to the eye, each one calling up new trains of thought, mostly, as it seemed, of a melancholy stamp—reviving changes, sorrowful changes, which had taken place since my short residence in this city.

It so chanced that our course lay through a street, where once had dwelt two of the earliest and the dearest friends that I had made in the west; but they dwelt there no longer: they are now tenants of the "house appointed for all living." And my spirit saddened as I remembered how brief and how painful had been the wedded life of one of them. Another house reminded me of another friend, once hospitable and kind, but now far away, whose excellent husband was overtaken by mercantile misfortunes, and then defrauded by those in whom he placed confidence. He failed—*honorably* failed, and then removed to an eastern city, not to enjoy hidden funds, but to labor with his wife for an honorable livelihood; and if they now have nothing else, they have the confidence of their friends, and their own self-respect, to sustain them in the struggle. Other scenes and other associations, too, were awakened.

At length, as we rose the hill, the country, with its freer air and more expansive sites, is presented to the view, bringing its never failing refreshment to the spirits and the feelings. At this moment, the undertaker, Mr. S., who was on horseback, rode forward, and as he passed my carriage I had a view of his mild, benevolent, and happy face; and I could but marvel how any "mortal mixture of earth's mold" could so frequently look upon the *face of the dead*, and still preserve the cheerful expression of *his own*.

Having at last reached the top of the "Walnut Hills," which we had been so long and so slowly ascending, the beautiful village situated on their summits, "meets and charms the eye." And its college edifices, its fine private residences, with their tasteful vines and shrubbery, their cultivated gardens and green pastures, impress the beholder with the idea of classic retirement; and surely, thought I, there *are* some, whose tents are pitched upon these heights, would convert into *classic ground* any spot they should chance to occupy.

Whilst these reflections were passing through my mind, the carriage stopped, and I found that we were at the gate of the cemetery. Having passed

into the inclosure, there was but slight detention: the coffin was simply deposited in a tomb, without further services. As we retraced our passage to the gate, my eye was arrested by more than one familiar name here registered in marble—names which I would fondly trust are also registered in the "Lamb's book of life," to endure for ever. A few more revolutions of the carriage wheels, and we were again in the public road, leaving the sleepers to their long repose. After a few more revolutions of the *wheels of time*, and we shall be the *followers*, and not the *followers* in the funeral procession.

It is truly amazing that we suffer the cares and the enjoyments of a world like this to engross our thoughts and engage our affections, when our interest in it is so short, and the part we act here so decisive of our future destiny. If we are indeed traveling Zionward, and our path be that which "shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day," how inconsistent that we should ever feel one emotion of sorrow that the days of our pilgrimage are few, or that they are rapidly passing away, whilst we hope for that eternal fruition which awaits us at the place of our rest.

The wise man has said that "it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting," and I found it even so. Although it was late when I reached home, and I was both sad and weary, I trust that my *solitary ride* had not been an unprofitable one; for *my spirit* had been both *fed and refreshed*.

AUGUSTA.

Original.

## MUSINGS ON THE HUDSON.

BY D. W. CLARK, A. M.

"THE last bell" chimed sharply and fiercely, as I hastily followed my baggage through the jostling crowd, on board one of the "North river boats." The shrill whistle—then the deep, hollow murmur as of many winds pent up in Æolian caves, admonished the traveler that the force which was to bear him with magic velocity over the waves, was fast accumulating. A moment more, and the hawsers which held in check the impatient boat, were cast from the pier, and like a "thing of life," she shot out upon the broad bosom of the majestic Hudson.

Far away to the north, "the Highlands," renowned for classic legend and revolutionary incident, throw up their lofty summits like an impassable barrier across our path. But the boat still holds on her course, as if proudly conscious that through the long range of surrounding highlands, nature herself, in derision of the petty streams that are made to flow by human art, had scooped out a broad and deep channel for her passage.

But wherefore, kind reader, should I tax your time with eulogiums upon what has so often tasked the traveler's descriptive powers? The grand and beautiful scenery of the Hudson has been read and admired the world over. The ever-varying aspect presented from its waters, like the shades of a moving panorama—the romantic vale, where nature has scattered her prolific shoots with a bounteous hand, and where art has lent all its magic power to decorate and beautify the scene—the craggy precipice, on whose Atlantean shoulders nods in wild and solitary grandeur the ancient and far extended forest—the frightful gorge, down whose precipitous sides the cleft rock has left its lasting impress in the deep furrowed channel of its descent, are some of the features of its scenery, on which the amateur of nature may ever gaze with bewildered delight.

But rather, as we pass along, let us turn our musing thoughts upon scenes that have been enacted along these banks and the circumjacent country—scenes that have already found a place in the history of our country, and of the world. Let us commune with the spirits of other days; let us listen to the winds that sigh along these shores, and throw back their plaintive echoes from the shady groves; let us listen to them as to the voice of past ages: they are full of instruction, and their language is the language of truth. The very slopes and greens, the craggy hills and deep defiles speak of scenes they have witnessed in sterner periods and more perilous times.

Far away to the left spread the rural retreats, the elysian groves, where genius has wooed the inspirations of its muse.\* But, O Wehawken,† "I ween of thee a more horrid tale!" On thy gloomy, shaded bank rests the stain of blood—blood that the forests gloom cannot hide, nor the wear of centuries efface. On thy banks perished a noble heart, and one that caused a nation's breast to heave with anguish. The dust of Hamilton slumbers in that charnel-house of the Emporium of the Western World, in whose dreary vaults repose a vast, unnumbered host,‡ unconscious of the mortal wave that is constantly sweeping over and around them, and undisturbed by the din and bustle of generations that have succeeded them. The jarring of

\* The favorite retreats of Halleck.

† This place, and not Hoboken, as is generally supposed, is the spot where Hamilton was slain by Aaron Burr in a duel. The place where the duel was fought was just on the margin of the river, and nearly surrounded by huge rocks, so that the actors in that horrid tragedy were effectually screened from observation. A monument was, some years since, erected on the very spot where Hamilton fell; but it has since been removed or destroyed.

‡ It is estimated that nearly two hundred thousand have been interred in the cemetery surrounding Trinity church in New York city.



worldly passions and interests no longer affects them; neither the chicanery of political intrigue, nor the electrifying shock of speculation can longer move the spirit once emulous in enterprise, once joyous in hope. Hamilton is one of the few who enjoy distinction among this forest of the dead; yet his marble, though it was erected by "the corporation of Trinity church," tells not the tale of his cruel and disgraceful death! It tells not, that after building for himself and his country a monument imperishable as mind itself, in an inauspicious hour, he wreathed it around with dishonor and disgrace, by consenting to give his almost omnipotent sanction to that accursed relic of barbarism, which fools have endeavored to dignify with the title of "honor." Had it not been for his example, and that of a few others, perhaps more fortunate if not less innocent than himself, ere this the statutes of our nation would have so branded this cold-blooded practice, that the cords of anguish would not have been again so lately, and so cruelly unloosed. Nor would our nation so lately have suffered the disgrace of having the infatuated duelist return from the field of death, with hands reeking in the life-blood of a fellow legislator, to resume his seat in its highest councils, and assist in making laws for a "free, enlightened, and virtuous people!" Wounded affection bleeds, and humanity shudders over such scenes of infamy and blood. The genius of liberty weeps in strains something like those uttered by the "Monarch minstrel:" "Had it been an enemy, I could have borne it;" or in the deprecating tone of Cesar, when he saw the dagger of his friend aimed at his breast, "And you, too, Brutus?" \* \* \* \* \*

But let us give to our thoughts a new turn. These highly cultivated fields; these groves preserved with care, and resounding with the melody of nature's songsters; these beautiful villas, delightful summer residences, glowing with every ornament that taste could invent, or wealth purchase, demand our attention and awaken within us admiration of the genius and art of man. They almost involuntarily transport our minds back to events long since enacted, and now almost forgotten. Less than three hundred years have passed, since the waters of the great Mahakaneghtuc\* were first disturbed by the foaming leviathan from over the blue waters, and since the marks of civilization were first imprinted on its banks. But during that short period, what surprising changes have come over the face of this whole country. Where now are those ancient and venerable forests? Where now are those wild sons of nature, who then hunted along these banks, or pushed the light canoe with the arrow's speed over these waters? Alas, all are

gone—gone to return no more! *Alas!* did I say? I know that this is the common strain of sentimentalists in contemplating the sad fate of the aboriginals of this country. But is not the change on the whole favorable to humanity? Shall we complain because the wilderness has been converted into a fruitful field? Is it a matter of lamentation, and shall we say, "Alas!" because the waste lands over which roamed a sparse and savage population, are now thronged with a dense multitude of the civilized and refined? Shall the Christian say, "Alas!" because, where once gleamed the savage fire, while rites of horrid cruelty were performed, now stands the church of God with open and inviting doors, or the nurseries of mind sending forth streams of knowledge and virtue to soften and beautify the harsher features of society? Shall we lament that this mighty river, over whose waters we now glide with such magic velocity, instead of being skimmed only by the light canoe, has become the great thoroughfare of commerce, bearing in safety upon its bosom the majestic ship, freighted with the productions of every nation and every clime? Shall we lament that civilization has succeeded barbarism, that refinement and the arts have succeeded the rude habits of savage life, that knowledge and virtue have succeeded the ignorance and degradation of Paganism? Shall we lament that the religion of Jesus has succeeded the superstitious rites of that awful night of mental and moral darkness? No, never. We may wish that the change had been attended with less of suffering, less of cruelty; but who could desire that this country might again become what it then was? We may sigh for the fate of the poor Indian, for he was verily *our brother*. But the change was needed—it was due to humanity—it was due to God. \* \* \* \* \*

Already have the bustling crowd, that so lately thronged the decks, retired to rest, save here and there one, who, in thoughtful mood, seem wrapped in their own meditations. Night has advanced, and cast a sombre aspect over all the enchanting scenery around us. "Orion with its belts" now peers high in the nocturnal heavens. It is as it was ages ago, when from these waters the savage gazed upon its brightness. Since then, a whole race have passed away; and another, more numerous in population, more powerful in arms, and more refined in civilization, has succeeded. But thou, grandest among the constellations of heaven, remainest the same. Since first the "morning stars sang together," from thy lofty altitude hast thou nightly sent down thy beams to illuminate the darkness of our earth. Beneath thy light cities and kingdoms have risen and fallen, tribes and generations have come upon the stage of being and passed away, and thy bands are still unloosed;

\* The Indian name of the Hudson.

but thou also must change, thou also must pass away! for, "All the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll." Other and brighter constellations may fill up the void in creation, just as the slumbering and forgotten generations of the dead have been succeeded by others more refined in civilization, and more skilled in art. So fades the beauty, so passes away the glory of earth, not to leave behind it a blank in creation, but to be renewed again and thus pass on for ever. \* \* \* \* \*

"Baggage for —," here breaks in upon my musings. I had watched the progress of the boat as she passed the various stations along the river, and with some solicitude knew that my voyage would soon terminate; but still the sound broke with a sudden shock upon my ear, like the call of death upon life's voyager,

"Expected, yet unexpected still."



Original.

#### SUNLIGHT AND SHADOWS.

SPRING came with its soft breath of violets, and happy music of silver-toned rills and whispering leaves. We were a band of merry school-girls, as light and free as the bee that roams over the cup-moss, and almost as thoughtless of the future. We were happy in the performance of those duties which ever attend the school-girl's life, and we loved each other as the young heart ever loves. Summer passed away. Autumn breathed upon the forests, and the leaf fell to the brown earth, noiseless as the snow-flake falls. We had been parted for a time, but now we had met again. Little we dreamed of the dark shade which was soon to cross our sunny path. A loved and beautiful one, a bright flower among us, was to die before another spring time came. Long we watched around her bedside, and earnestly we prayed, that she might live. But, ah! that was too great a boon to ask! God might not grant it. As the sunshine is chased by the stealing shadow, as the flower that was bright in the morning, is faded at sunset, so passed her spirit away. She was beautiful in death. Even though that once bright cheek and lip had faded to the snow-drop's tinge—even though the hand of death had bound the curtaining fringe of those soft eyes—even though that throbbing heart had ceased to beat, still she was beautiful; and as I gazed upon her, I thought she wore the smile that angels wear. She has gone from us, sweet sisters, and though her light step is no more heard, nor her gentle glance no more felt, we have the hope that her spirit is in heaven; and though this may be the first dark shade that has ever crossed our happy way, may it lead us to

those paths of purity and holiness that shall prepare our immortal spirits to meet her own, in the land where shadows never fall! LIZZIE.



Original.

#### THE TEMPEST.

Look ye! look to the far off west,

For, lo! the sun goes down in wrath;

Mark the garb in which he's drest—

The sable clouds that shroud his path—

See how they sweep along the sky!

List! for the gathering storm is nigh!

List to the wildly raving blast!

And mark its course along the vale—

Look on the deep! Yon lonely mast!

See how it trembles in the gale—

THERE! she's sunk to the depths below,

And now the wild waves o'er her flow.

Mark its course o'er the mountain's brow—

Yon oak, its force could not defy;

His giant strength has failed him now,

And low his scattered branches lie;

Or borne on the angry tempest's breath,

They prove the instruments of death.

Alas! the light is fading fast,

And darkness shrouds the murky sky;

Harsh, dismal sounds swell on the blast,

The tempest's notes are trumping high,

The earth is wrapp'd in deepest gloom,

And all portends the coming doom.

The rushing waves still onward dash,

Tho' all is veiled from mortal sight,

Save when the lightning's fiery flash

Relieves the dreariness of night,

And brings to view the troubled deep,

O'er which the winds in wildness sweep.

So pass the hours of night away,

Mid sounds and scenes of fear and dread;

And when it comes, that welcome day

Shall find its thousands with the dead;

And he who lives to view the light

May ne'er forget this dreadful night. E.



#### JESUS APPEARS TO THE DISCIPLES.

THE evening of that day, which saw the Lord

Rise from the chambers of the dead was come.

His faithful followers, assembled, sang

A hymn, low-breathed; a hymn of sorrow, blent

With hope; when, in the midst, sudden he stood.

The awe-struck circle backward shrink; he looks

Around with a benignant smile of love,

And says, *Peace be unto you*: faith and joy

Spread o'er each face, amazed as when the moon,

Pavilioned in dark clouds, mildly comes forth,

Silvering a circlet in the fleecy ranks.



## NOTICES.

**THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES BY THE WAY.** By Mrs. Phæbe Palmer. New York: Lane & Tipsett.—This is a neat duodecimo of 288 pages. It has already been noticed, very favorably, in this periodical, by Bishop Hamline, the former editor. We have a slight acquaintance with the amiable authoress, and some knowledge of her character "at home," and have no doubt that she is among the few who may safely be permitted to write and speak on the important and delicate subject which she has chosen. The spirit of meekness, and gentleness, and faith seems to breathe all through the book. Although not deficient in ratiocination, Mrs. P.'s chief business seems to be with the reader's heart, which she appears to move by holding up her own through her transparent pages.

**ISABEL; or Trials of the Heart.** New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a well written work, intended for the young. It will, we think, both interest and benefit the reader.

**HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE.** Numbers XLIII, XLIV.—These are the only numbers we have received. If the others are of equal elegance, it will surely be a splendid edition of the works of the father of English poetry.

**HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND PICTORIAL BIBLE.**—Numbers 23, 24, 25, are equal to any of the preceding.

**AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY, comprising such subjects as are most immediately connected with Housekeeping.** Number I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work must be popular, because it is practical. It is to be completed in twelve numbers, twenty-five cents each, and will, therefore, be within the reach of every family. The first number is devoted chiefly to building, the various styles of architecture, hints on the practice of building, methods of warming domestic buildings, &c. The work will doubtless impart a vast amount of interesting and useful information. If the part on domestic medicine were excluded, we should like it better; for we have seen already too much of the evils of quackery.

**ALNWICK CASTLE, with other Poems.** By Fitz-Greene Halleck. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a beautiful work, and very tastefully executed. The author has long been known as one of the best American poets. The volume before us contains, among other pieces, "Marco Bozzaris," "Burns," "Twilight," "Woman," and that touching lyric, commencing—

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

From "Woman" we extract the following stanzas, which will show something of the spirit and genius of the author, which, however, are pretty generally known already:

"For thou art woman—with that word  
Life's dearest hopes and memories come—  
Truth, beauty, love—in her adored,  
And earth's lost Paradise restored  
In the green bower of home."  
"What is man's love? His vows are broke,  
Even while his parting kiss is warm;  
But woman's love all change will mock,  
And, like the ivy round the oak,  
Cling closest in the storm."

**METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April.**—This work is so generally known and extensively circulated among our readers, that a notice of it is scarce necessary. The present number contains the following excellent articles: Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body; Scripture and Geology; Philosophy of Christian Morals; Works of the Rev. William Jay; Ciocci's Narrative; Jarvis' History of the Church; Elements of Logic, besides the Critical Notices.

**NEWBURY BIBLICAL MAGAZINE.**—The March number has just reached us, and is fully equal in interest to any former issue. The first article is a review of "A letter from Ellen Temple, respecting the effect produced upon the youthful mind by our classical studies." The story is by Mrs. Sherwood, and is written in her usual felicitous manner, to illustrate the second commandment. Both the authoress and the reviewer seem to apprehend danger from the influence of classical studies, and speak in terms of merited condemnation of the neglect of the Bible. We have not as much fear as some concerning the danger of the classics, in this practical and avaricious age and country; but we do know that the Bible is often shamefully neglected, both in schools and families. Little as is the attention we bestow upon the history of false religions, it is to be feared that many, in Christian lands, pay still less attention to that of the true.

The next article is a review of Dr. Reese's Address in behalf of the Bible in schools, which the writer deservedly commends, both for its style and spirit.

The third is on the Autobiography of Stilling, and the fourth is the editor's final address, in which he states that he must discontinue the magazine, for two reasons, both of which are far from being creditable to the Church, namely, the want of correspondents, and the want of support. We trust that he will be consoled by the fact that he has done the Church a service. He may be unrequited pecuniarily—we believe he will not be spiritually. Will his graceful pen never adorn our pages?

**FOUR LECTURES, on Predestination, the Unbelief of the Jews, the Rejection of the Edomites, and the Salvation of Infants.** By Rev. Werter R. Davis, of the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—These lectures were written and delivered in reply to a lecture by the Rev. Simeon Brown, and solicited for publication by the audience who heard them. We have never been fond of polemical divinity: other brethren may have been called to preach the doctrinal part of revelation, but we delight to dwell chiefly upon its preceptive portions. It must be admitted, that the former is important, nay, indispensable, and that sound doctrinal instruction is the only solid basis for pure precepts. It is pleasing, however, to us to reflect that there is a broad common ground, where the leading denominations of Protestant Christians can stand, shoulder to shoulder against the enemy, and that upon this platform we who are not pugilistic can find ample room for the exertion of all our strength. Whilst, however, we delight to recognize fellow Christians in other denominations as brethren beloved, we cherish our doctrines and economy as rather nearer to the Scriptural model than theirs, and we are, at all proper times and places, ready to defend them. Controversies may do good even in the Church: sparks generally issue from collision; but very frequently they burn when we intend them only to illuminate. Few

men are fitted for a *religious* controversy: it requires so much prayer to the Father of light, so much meekness of wisdom. We think that brother Davis has written his lectures with much of the proper spirit. We are encouraged, from the commencement, to hope that, like the sweet Fletcher, he has dipped his pen in oil all the way through, and written no sentence which, dying, he might wish to blot. We have not yet finished the pamphlet; but we doubt not that throughout it is a creditable performance.

**THE LITERARY EMPORIUM.**—This is the title of a new periodical, published by J. K. Wellman, New York. We have received the March and April numbers, which contain good selections from popular magazines. It is designed to be "a compendium of religious, literary, and philosophical knowledge." We have no doubt of the success or usefulness of the work.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**A JAUNT.**—"God made the country, and man made the town." Being at Louisville, during the Methodist convention, I was kindly invited to extend my journey to Shelbyville. After having been shut up in a city for many months, the sight of the country is transporting. On a May morning, after a shower, we bounded briskly over a beautiful country, in a high state of cultivation, between Louisville and Shelbyville. The green forests, the song of birds, the fragrance of blossoms, the voice of the merry ploughman, the gambols of herds and flocks, and the sight of tasteful villas, and cottages, and mansions, displaying almost every variety of architectural fancy, seemed like a new creation. I was reminded, however, as we rode along, that we were not in Paradise; for fields were pointed out which had been fattened, years ago, with the best blood of Kentucky. We paused at the spot where Captain Floyd's company were cut to pieces in an unexpected engagement with the Indians. The plough has often passed over the graves where the dust of upward of twenty of that unfortunate company reposes. A little farther on is the house of Major B., a celebrated Indian fighter, who was considered as brave as Tecumseh himself. He still lives; and though upward of eighty years of age, neither his mind nor his natural force seems much abated, and he narrates the interesting scenes of his early life with terrific interest and accuracy. War is a fearful calamity any where, but it is doubly so in a young and virtuous republic, which, having no standing army, must send not its worst but its best and most useful citizens to the field.

I find there are some lazy people even in Kentucky. One or two farms, in our ride, reminded me of the story of a farmer, who, having neglected to plough, raised a fine crop of brambles. His neighbor, who cultivated his fields well, sent, in the season of fruit, to request the privilege of gathering a few blackberries on the premises of the sluggard. "No," was the reply; "if you were not so lazy, you would have blackberries yourself."

Shelbyville, where we arrived in the evening, is a sweet little village of ten or twelve hundred inhabitants, ornamented tastefully with trees and flowers, thus combining the advantages of town and country. It is a favorite and favorable site for the temple of science. Here is an Episcopal college, which was erected by the village,

and endowed by lottery. Also a flourishing Presbyterian high school for boys, which is said to be well conducted, and capable of provoking the college, if not to love, at least to good works. There are two female seminaries, one sustained chiefly by the Presbyterians, and the other under the care of the Rev. J. Tevis. We had not time to visit the former, but have heard it spoken of favorably. At the latter we were kindly entertained, and may speak of it, from observation, in terms of praise. It has been established and sustained by private means and enterprise. It went into operation in March, 1825, and has been continued ever since. The buildings are sufficiently large to afford accommodations for sixty boarders, without encroaching upon the school-rooms. The grounds embrace about seven acres. There are at present in the school forty boarding and fifty day scholars. Mr. and Mrs. T., and their eldest son, who is a graduate of Transylvania University, and three sisters of Mrs. T., are the teachers. The fact that they are embraced in the same family, has contributed much to the harmony, the discipline, and the perpetuity of the institution. Mrs. Tevis has spent nearly all her days within the precincts of the school-room, having commenced teaching as soon as she passed her pupilage, and continued it ever since. In excellent health and fine spirits, with the requisite accomplishments, the aptitude to teach, the capacity to govern, a sense of her responsibility, and the experience of twenty-five successive years spent in the business of instruction, she feels better qualified for her employment than ever. The institution is supplied with all the necessary apparatus, both philosophical and chemical, embracing, among other things, an air pump, an electrical machine, a galvanic battery, artificial globes, magic lantern, (which is frequently used for illustrations in natural history and astronomy,) &c. These are, however, upon a small scale, but sufficiently large for all practical purposes, and rendered perfectly familiar to the pupils, who are taught to use them with their own hands. Adjacent to the building is a botanic garden, which, though recently planted, will soon become an object of interest with the young ladies. The government is, to an eminent degree, parental. The scholars are made to feel that they are at home, and to look up to Mr. and Mrs. T. as father and mother. They are not allowed to have money at their own disposal: all their expenses are superintended by their instructors.

When the six o'clock bell summons them to morning prayer, a chapter is read from the New Testament, a sweet song of Zion sung, and an appropriate prayer offered to God. In the evening, at seven o'clock, they again assemble for devotional exercises of a similar character. On retiring to rest, the young ladies are expected to read a chapter in the Bible, and commend themselves to God: after which, one of the teachers visits each room to see that the lights are extinguished, and all things are in order.

Regular recitations commence at eight, A. M., and continue, without any other interruption than the usual intermission at noon, until five, P. M.

I am happy to say that Mr. T. and his lady have been tolerably well compensated for their important labors. After a good supper, and a pleasant conversation, we retired to rest, not to inhale the odor of candle factories, or hear the cry of distress, but to commit ourselves to the balmy arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer."



On Sabbath morning we were awoke, not by the ringing of fire bells and rattling of engines, but by the warbling of birds, and the songs of pious lips; and as I looked out from the window of the "prophet's chamber," into the garden just below, and the surrounding meadow, and inhaled the fragrance of the breeze, I could scarce refrain from saying, "Sweet is the breath of morn"—"her rising sweet, with charm of earliest birds;" and never did my heart more cheerfully say, "Hail, holy light!" than it did, as I saw the sun, that morning, spreading his beams, not over the tops of chimneys, but upon hills green with the most luxuriant foliage.

At the summons of the morning bell, we repaired to the chapel, and after reading the twelfth of Romans, we united in singing—

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise:"

after which, kneeling before the Lord our Maker, we uttered forth our gratitude and love, and sought both grace and mercy. I need say nothing of services in the church, which were mere matters of course; but I may add that I was particularly pleased with the Sabbath school, which I attended in company with the teachers and scholars of the seminary, who walked thither in procession. At the close of the exercises, I was favored with the eyes of my young congregation for a few minutes. In the afternoon I addressed the "colored population," as we are taught to say in the north. I did not succeed very well in fixing their attention; but this is not a matter of surprise, as it requires a man of superior talents to instruct the blacks. However, one gray-headed man, who sat in the altar, appeared very grateful. Whilst we were singing the last hymn, he gradually moved his trembling frame toward the pulpit, and directing upward an imploring look, as the tears started from his eyes, he pressed my left hand gently, as if he were afraid of giving offense, and then, with repressed expressions of praise to God, retired to his place. At the close of the meeting, he was called on to pray. Let me give a specimen of his rhetoric. He represented the sinner as a runaway from his Maker, and prayed that "God would go after him, throw him down, bind him hand and foot, drag him out the land of damnation, and bring him home."

On my return, I found that the Bible class of the institution had just closed. A few of the scholars had collected under the portico, around their mistress, who was asking them promiscuous questions on the Bible. I was astonished at the readiness of the replies. Being invited to take a seat within the circle, I soon found myself in danger of being tested, as mine hostess remarked that she would transfer the chair to me. After asking a few questions about Noah's ark, I was a little afraid that I should soon be in difficulty; so like the militia captain, on the eve of an engagement, I thought that, "being a little lame," I would start "now."

Monday morning, I was dreaming of the banks of Jordan, and Canaan's flowery plains, and the songs of angels, and the unsmothered expressions of gratitude that go forth like the noise of many waters, and of mighty thunderings, when a rap at my door roused me to listen to the mingled notes of the birds at my window, and the piano at my head, and the sweet songs of innocence and joy that rose up from Science Hill Female Academy, to which I bade farewell, after one more good meal of such milk and honey as is not dreamed of in city philosophy.

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Dear Editor,—I understand the object of your periodical to be the improvement and amusement of the ladies. Well, it strikes me that nothing would be more beneficial and gratifying to us than a defense of our rights. I had a friend who, at his death, left his wife heiress of all his property, on condition that she would not marry after his decease. She has since married; and could her late husband look down upon her present one, he would be ashamed of his will. I knew of another who died intestate, thus leaving two-thirds of all his estate to be divided among brothers and sisters. The lady has been a widow many years, and is likely to remain so until she dies. She dresses in mourning, and often, with weeping, pays visits to his tomb. It may be best sometimes to leave a young and beautiful widow nothing but her thirds, that she may not fall a prey to the fortune-hunter; but when a wife has contributed largely, by her industry, economy, and frugality, to the accumulation of her husband's fortune, it is cruel that she should be left to the tender mercies of the law. Besides, who can have more interest in the welfare of a family than the mother? or who can better manage an estate than a prudent, intelligent woman? It seems to me, notwithstanding the chivalry of the age, that it does not yet understand woman's rights. The men make all the laws, and hence those of inheritance are partial. Men, too, overlook the influence of woman on the prosperity of a family. My husband never laid up a cent until he was married: he is now doing well. I defy any man to grow rich without a prudent wife. Perhaps you may refer me to some rich old bachelors. My answer is, first, they must have had good mothers or sisters, who managed for them as a good wife would; secondly, the cases are very rare; thirdly, the exception proves the rule.

Yours, &c.,

HONEY.

Our correspondent is right; and we know not how better to advocate her cause than by inserting an extract from the will of the great reformer, Martin Luther, as translated by Professor Stowe, in the last excellent number of the Biblical Repository. It shows a wise head, and an affectionate heart, and exhibits views of woman's excellence that ought to make the gallantry and good sense of the age blush.

We are well acquainted with a lady who was left, many years ago, with a large family, the sole executrix of a complicated estate; and she has raised her children well, and managed her affairs with a skill and prudence which would have done credit to any fund commissioner. We have just read a letter from her, in which she describes her affairs in the most clear, artistic, and admirable manner, without losing, in the least, the delicacy, and fancy, and ease of the lady, or the piety and humility of the Christian. Nor is she a solitary example. But to the extract:

"This is all I am worth, and I give it all to my wife, for the following reasons:

"1. Because she has always conducted herself toward me lovingly, worthily, and beautifully, like a pious, faithful, and noble wife; and by the rich blessing of God she has borne and brought up for me five living children, who yet live, and God grant they may long live.

"2. Because she will take upon herself and pay the debts which I owe and may not be able to pay during my life; which, so far as I can estimate, may amount to

about four hundred and fifty florins, or perhaps a little more.

"3. But most of all, because I will not have her dependent on the children, but the children on her; that they may hold her in honor, and submit themselves to her, as God has commanded. For I see well and observe, how the devil, by wicked and envious mouths, heats and excites children, even though they be pious, against this command; especially when the mothers are widows, and the sons get wives and the daughters get husbands, and again *socrus nurum, nurus socrum*. For I hold that the mother will be the best guardian for her own children, and will use what little property and goods she may have, not for their disadvantage and injury, but for their good and improvement, since they are her own flesh and blood, and she has carried them under her heart.

"And if, after my death, she should find it necessary or desirable to marry again, (for I cannot pretend to set limits to the will or the providence of God,) yet I trust, and herewith express my confidence, that she will conduct herself toward our mutual children as becometh a mother, and will faithfully impart to them property, and do whatever else is right.

"And herewith I humbly pray my most gracious lord, his grace, Duke John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, graciously to guard and protect the above named gifts and property.

"I also entreat all my good friends to be witnesses for my dear Catharine, and help defend her, should any good-for-nothing mouths reprove and slander her, as if she had secretly some personal property, of which she would defraud the poor children. \* \* \* \*

"I beg this may be considered, because the devil, when he can no longer plague me, would be glad to plague my Catey in every possible way, for no other reason than because she has been the married housewife of that man, Dr. Martin, and is yet, blessed be God.

"M. LUTHER."

#### A PLAN FOR AN INTERESTING DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENT.

Mr. Editor,—In some parts of the east it is usual to have maxims and devotional sentences, as mementos, placed upon the walls of dwellings; and in many parts of the world the Jews fasten a small case to the door-post of their houses, in which is placed their "phylactery," or sentence written upon parchment. This custom appears too valuable to be lost sight of by any people desirous of extending holy influences over their conduct and conversation in life. I should be pleased to see your observations upon the proposal.

In an urn might be placed slips of parchment, each being furnished with a text or maxim like the following, and to be drawn out at pleasure.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

Let your life be, while you live, what you should wish it had been, when you come to die.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

In the chateau of Voltaire, at Ferney, his favorite residence on the banks of the lake of Geneva, is an urn, in which the heart of that injurious skeptic (since removed to Paris) was once deposited. The urn occupies a niche in the parlor adjoining his bed-room, and bears the inscription, "*Mes manes sont consoles, puisque mon cœur*

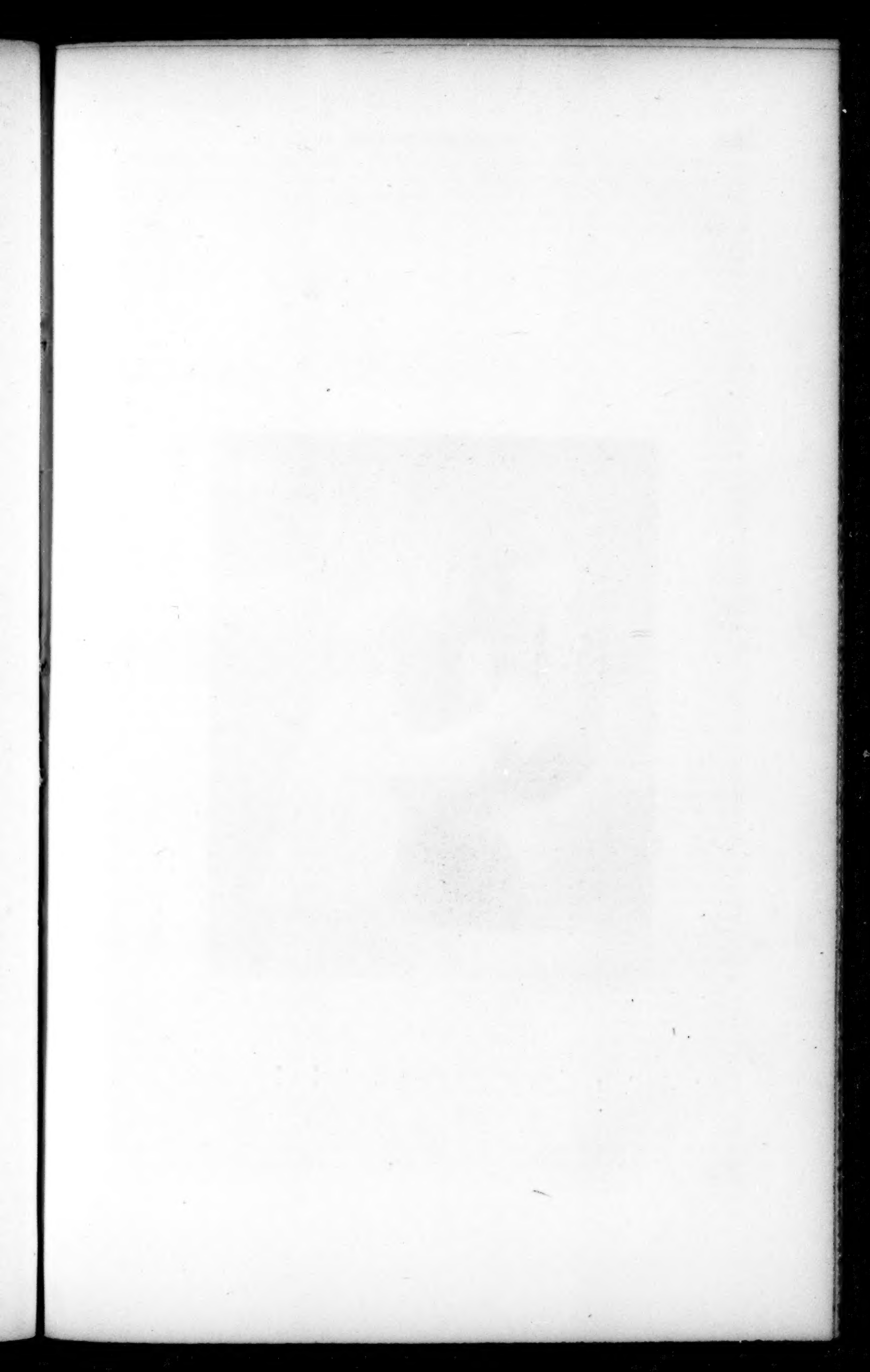
*est au milieu de vous*:" "My shade is consoled, since my heart is in the midst of you." And over it is seen—"Son esprit exist partout, son cœur reste ici:" "His spirit exists everywhere—his heart rests [or remains] here." If this expedient, full of sentiment as it really is, has been resorted to, to perpetuate the memory of Voltaire, may it not be well to consider how its application can be rendered useful in the promulgation of religion, morality, and happiness? W. N.

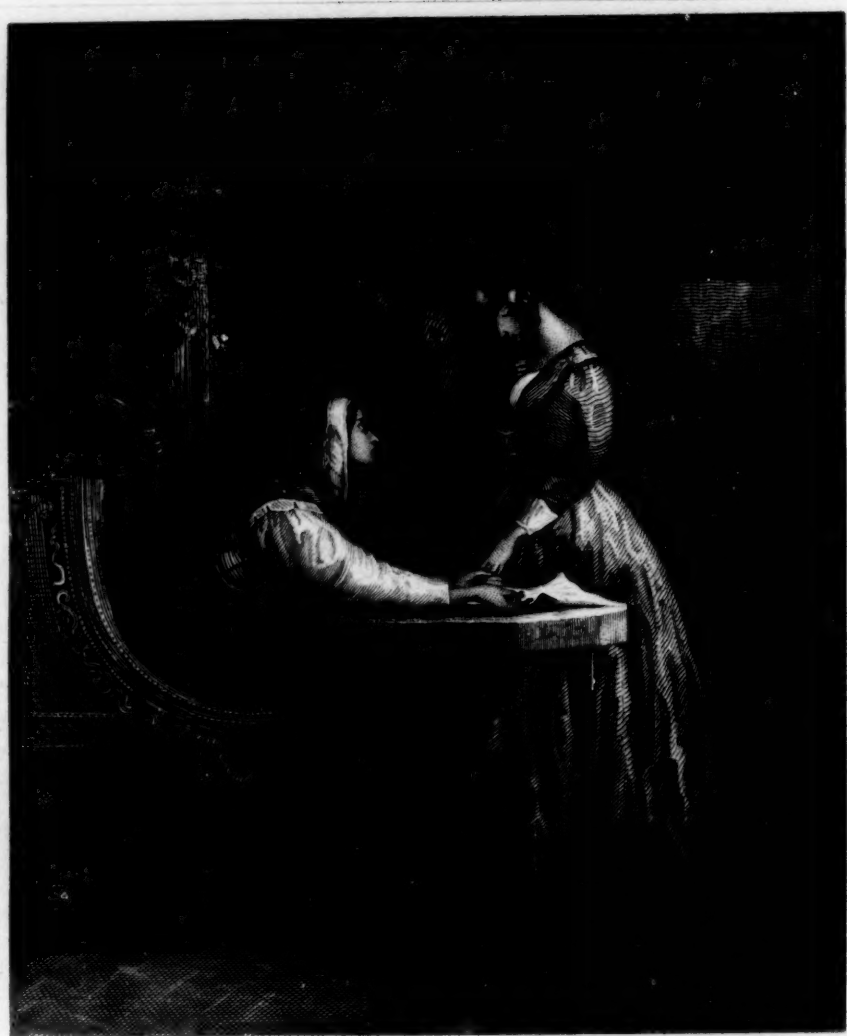
The plan of "W. N." strikes us very favorably. If the ancient warrior needed a herald to proclaim in his ears, from day to day, the melancholy truth of his mortality, we see not why mute monitors of precious truth should not be serviceable to us in this busy, selfish world, and especially in this country, where the spirit of worldliness pervades all ranks. Whilst, however, we write "Holiness to the Lord, upon the bells of the horses," let us bear in mind that, to make broad our phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of our garments, is not incompatible with a sinful heart and a neglect of the weightier matters of the law. It is uncertain whether the passage (Exodus xiii, 16) where God commands the Hebrews to have the law as a sign on their forehead, and as frontlets between their eyes, should be taken literally; but it is certain that our Savior did not censure the Pharisees for wearing phylacteries, but for broadening them out of ostentation, or regarding them with superstition.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Plan of Education—Social Reform," &c., and many other approved articles, are on hand, and will appear in subsequent numbers. Our intention has been, from the first, to make the work entirely original; and we take it for granted that no one will offer us any article which has already been published. We have been under the necessity, occasionally, of selecting a piece of poetry to fill up a small space, because the printer is unwilling to commence a long article near the foot of a column. Will our poetical correspondents bear this in mind, and favor us with some scraps, of two, three, or four stanzas? We receive, from different quarters, encouraging accounts of the Repository. From month to month we are told that the last number is the best, and, above all, we continue to receive new subscribers, although we have reached the middle of the volume. Let not our correspondents be "weary of well doing." We received a note a short time since from a bereaved husband, requesting the insertion of a short obituary notice of his late consort. The necessity of declining to grant the request, we believe, has given us more pain than it will occasion him. Should we publish one such notice, we should be obliged to publish all that are presented.

TO READERS.—The addresses of Rev. Mr. Brownson and Mrs. Dumont will be read with great interest. For reprinting the latter, contrary to our rule, there are reasons, apart from its excellences, which are satisfactory to us, and which, if known, would shield us from the imputation of partiality. We make this remark because we fear we have offended by declining to republish articles *selected* for us. It will be perceived that we have recently been favored with some *new* and able correspondents: Professors Wright, Harrison, and Larabee; Drs. Wood and Hendershott; Revs. E. M'Clure and J. F. Wright; Lamda, and many others. Some readers will recognize in Lamda an old friend of the editor, and a gentleman of genius and high respectability.







from an original drawing

A. W. Graham.

*Sympathy*